

ROGUE

APRIL X 60c

**DOW CHEMICAL
vs**

THE CRITICS:

**Both Sides of the
Napalm Issue...the Right
to Recruit on Campus**

SCANDINAVIA:

**An Inside Look
at The New Wave
of Pornography**

JOPLIN & SLICK:

**Hip Chicks Who
Rock With Soul**

**Rogue Goes to a
PUBLIC NUDE
HAPPENING**



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ROGUE

NUMBER 17/APRIL 1969

DAVID ZENTNER/editor & publisher
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POST ROGUE

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Dear Editor:

Oh, man! I mean, man, wow! If they had used Cindy (Love's Labor Lost, Feb. ROGUE) in the "Camelot" flick, what a picture it MIGHT have been. She could melt my armor (and my armour) any (knight) of the week Whew!

Sal Abuzzi,
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Sal:

The real irony of it all is, Cindy auditioned for the part of Guinevere, but didn't (obviously) get it. Something about Vanessa Radgrave having a bigger name!

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

Dear Editor:

When are they going to put that Dodge Charger (Tomorrow's Car) on the market? Those are groovy wheels. That Engel's a lucky cat.

Bob Brannon,
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Bob:

Why, tomorrow, of course!

FUST THINGS "FUTZ"

Dear Editor:

I saw "Futz" when I was in New York, recently, and your article/review by Arthur Lewis really impressed me. The girl I was with, however, was almost nauseous at what she called a "filthy show about pigs and fit only for pigs." But I enjoyed the play immensely. Thanks to Mr. Arthur Lewis, I feel better knowing someone with intelligence feels the way I do.

Ron Marchant,
Palo Alto, California
P.S. I don't date that girl anymore!

OH, YOU ROGUE, YOU!

Dear Editor:

Now that's what I call a cartoon STRIP! (Rebecca Rogue). Three main characters and two of them wind up with bare bottoms by the third page. What are you gonna do for an encore?

Bill Kramer,
Baltimore, Md

Dear Bill:

What can't we tell you: two out of three characters like to go naked in the world! Evidently Rebecca got to you if you're waiting around for an encore...What are you waiting for the occasion, by the way...hmmm?

MISUNDERSTANDING???

Dear Editor:

If you know the address of any of those "PRIVATE BOTTLE CLUBS" you wrote about in your February issue of ROGUE, could you tell me?

Name Withheld on Request,
Chattanooga, Tennessee

P.S. I'd sign my name, but my wife wouldn't understand.

Dear No Name:

W'd give you the address, but we're afraid the fuzz WOULD understand!

NEED A LITTLE HELP?

Dear Editor:

Hey, what's up? I gave that test (WHAT'S YOUR BAG? Feb. ROGUE) to my girl and everything she saw in those inkblots had to do with sex. What do I do now?

Confused,
Waco, Texas

Dear Confused:

Give us har address!



THE SOUND AROUND

The Jefferson Airplane soars into the stratosphere again with *Crown of Creation* (Victor), a psychedelic sur-

vay of the many regions of the mind. The title tune, unfortunately, is the weakest link in the album, but lead singer Grace Slick's compositions Triad and The House at Pooneil Corners will blow your minds with their black-humor. Alice-in-Wonderland words of weird worlds. For those who dig the blues, *Bare Wires* is the bluest. A long suite composed by England's John Mayall and played with the sockingest of blues/rock beats by his band. The Bluesbreakers, the seven-piece combo features two tenor saxes and a trumpet who doubles on violin (the London Philharmonic will probably snare him next). For some American blues, try Herbie Mann's *The Inspiration I Feel* (Atlantic), a musical tribute to The Genius, Ray Charles. Georgia and I Got A Woman really groove the grittiest. Make it with Mongo: Monto Santamaria has a new one called *Soul Bag* (Columbia) that features four drummers flailing away in the band's usual Latin bag. But with soul, man, soul: Sitting on the Dock of the Bay (Otis Redding) and Respect (Aretha Franklin) are some of the earthiest blues sounds around, with the leader's conga drum kicking the beat along. *Anthem of the Sun* (Warner Brothers) is the title of the newest album by the Grateful Dead, who are still alive and well—and presumably grateful—in San Francisco, where their sound can be found. Each side is an organic entity, not just a collection of songs; and, since the group features not one but two drummers, you know they're going to sock some of the hardest rock around to you (with an organist named Pigpen, what do you expect. Charlie Brown?). *Fats Is Back* (Reprise) is fat-back and greens music by Fats Domino, the man who practically invented rock'n'roll some 15 years ago. The sound wears well, and the fat man's piano is a tinkling gurgling joy to hear. *Cheap Thrills* (Columbia) is almost what it means; Janis Joplin, who doesn't really sing but makes her songs orgasmic exercises, is impossible to capture on record. She's got to be seen and heard—live—to really be appreciated, and Big Brother and the Holding Company, her back-up band, are back up against the wall most of the time. But do dig Ball and Chain, for on this one tune in particular, a lot of Janis' gut-power comes through. For the best of the blues, though, by some of its more mature practitioners, try these: *A Man and the Blues*, by Buddy Guy (Vanguard); Junior Wells' *You're Tuff Enough* (Blue Rock); and Otis Spann at *The Bottom of the Blues* (BluesWay).



THE WRITTEN WORD

MRS. PARKINSON'S LAW/C. Northcote Parkinson/Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95/The author of "Parkinson's Law" and other books equally devastating to man's fanciful foibles has now written a compendium of helpful household hints for the little lady that shakes, rattles and rolls her world around until she's begging to be a Playboy Bunny again. **MPL** defined: "Heat produced by pressure expands to fill the mind available from which it can pass only to a cooler mind." What do you make of that, men? **THE BEATLES**/Hunter Davies/McGraw-Hill/\$6.95/The "authorized" biography of the marvelous mopheads, distilled like fine wine from the inside out. Scottish writer Davies gets inside the Yellow Submarine just fine, lets the fabulous foursome talk, talk and talk into his tape recorder until Michelle and Eleanor Rigby drop by and break up the party for Strawberry Fields Forever. **Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band** never played a truer tune; any other book but this about the Beatles was obviously written by a Nowhere Man. **THIS WAS BURLESQUE**/Ann Corio/Grosset & Dunlap/\$9.95/Do you dig the good and glorious days of burlesque? Ann Corio was a past—and still puts up a pretty good present—mistress of the fine art of bumping and grinding, and she tells it like it was. Added attraction: hundreds of pictures, showing the girls in the buff—the best way to keep the reader in the pink! **ONE BEFORE BEDTIME**/Richard Linkloun/Lippincott/What happens to a happily affianced couple when he turns black overnight? Super-liberal she's still willing, but he's drunk a dose of black power and's madder than Malcolm X! **TOGETHERNESS: ENCOUNTERS WITH ALIENS**/George Barley/Sherbourne/Compiled by aerospace expert Barley, there's no corn in this collection of chilling tales about Strangers in the Night. **A SMALL TOWN IN GERMANY**/John le Carré/

Coward-McCann/The Spy Who Came in From the Cold heats up postwar Germany with cool class struggles, dissects the Cold War, and chips away at the problems of the Common Market with his usual gritty cool. **THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS**/Robert Heinlein/Berkley/If you can imagine the moon as an unearthly Alcatraz—a penal colony for the poor suckers who get caught—and dig the idea of some of the smarter inhabitants knocking over the Establishment, you won't be so far away from mad Mother Earth at that.



ROGUE SPOTLIGHT

Not the Generation Gap but the Union Gap; not the Civil War but the Record War; not millions of dead but millions in bread.

Though named after the historic Civil War city of Union Gap, Washington, this newest of rock groups

grooves in a different bag. Organized two years ago in San Diego, California—a city not heretofore known for anything swinging except for sailors on the nearby naval base on leave—they effect the campiest of costumes, authentic Civil War (Union side, naturally) uniforms, and a mellow blend of easy-sounding rock that has brought them plenty of bread from three million-selling singles: "Young Girl," "Woman, Woman," and "Lady Willpower."

Their bearing is far from military, with the friendliest and most casual of manners, but, in accordance with their costumes, there is a pecking order of military hierarchy. Leader and lead singer Gary Puckett is "General Puckett, you all hear?" to the group; organist Dwight Bement holds the distinguished rank of Sergeant; bassist Kerry Chater wears the twin stripes of the Corporal's punishment; and drummer Paul Wheatbread (who eats white bread, but likes green bread best) and pianist Gary "Mutha" Withem (a real mother's with 'em, all right) enjoy that most precious of army privileges, the right to be referred to—in public and private—as Privates not traveling first class.

The group records for Columbia, makes the college concert scene regularly, and has appeared on the apex of all TV exposures, The Ed Sullivan Show. Perhaps part of their appeal—and success—comes from putting some really simple ingredients into their cake of goodies; for, as Puckett says when he's constantly told his group is "unique":

"Unique? Yeah, sure. We're always on time, and we've never missed a job. We always get good reports, you know—from the mothers."



L-R KERRY CHATER, GARY "MUTHA" WITHEM, PAUL WHEATBREAD, GARY PUCKETT, DWIGHT BEMENT



LUSTY LIMERICKS

A certain young shiek I'm not namin'
Asked a flapper he thought he was tamin',
"Have you your maidenhead?"
"Don't be foolish," she said,
"But I still have the box that it came in."

There was a young man from the coast
Who had an affair with a ghost,
At the height of orgasm
Said the pallid phantasm,
"I think I can feel it—almost!"

A widow whose singular vice
Was to keep her late husband on ice
Said, "It's been hard since I lost him—
I'll never defrost him!
Cold comfort, but cheap at the price."

Rosalina, a pretty young lass
Had a truly magnificent ass:
Not rounded and pink,
As you possibly think—
It was gray, had long ears, ate grass.

On her bosom a beauteous young frail
Had illumined the price of her tail;
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
The same is embroidered in Braille.

A girl who was no good at tennis,
But at swimming was really a menace,
Took pains to explain,
"It depends how you train:
I was once a street-walker in Venice."

BY TED BRADLEY



M

FELICIA ON FUR

Interviewed by **Andrew Ross**
 Photo by **John M. Johnston**
 Stylist: **John M. Johnston**
 Hair: **John M. Johnston**
 Makeup: **John M. Johnston**
 Dress: **John M. Johnston**
 Jewelry: **John M. Johnston**
 Location: **John M. Johnston**





.....

One of the few models who seemed to handle accounts for the Youth Market only, Felicia's agency has a strict rule about hiring anyone over twenty-five (which lets us out!) because, in her words, "You have to be a teeny

.....





...upper (almost) in order
to establish a direct link
with their desires, needs,
dreams."

How did we get Felicia?
By appealing to a youth
market, of course!



DOW CHEMICAL VS THE CRITICS:

By HERMAN PETRAS

Both Sides of the Napalm Issue... And the Right to Recruit on Campus

EDITOR'S NOTE: In recent months the name Dow Chemical has become synonymous with the Vietnam war, napalm and campus recruiting. There have been bitter diatribes and stinging accusations hurled at this monolithic corporation which, despite numerous and often violent outbursts, goes about its own business, a mirror of cool indifference apparently deflecting the barbs. In order to gain insight into the controversy and to allow for a frank and open discussion, ROGUE invited spokesmen from both parties to meet and voice their arguments.

Dean Wakefield, Eastern Public Relations Manager for Dow Chemical has appeared on more than a dozen college campuses, discussing his company's position with both radical and reasonable groups.

Ted Gottfried, successful writer who claims no allegiance to any particular group, has been active in various anti-war and civil rights marches, among them, the march on the Pentagon, the Meredith March in Mississippi and was arrested for his activities in New York's Whitehall Street demonstration. He covered the Chicago Democratic Convention/riot for a major magazine.

ROGUE: I would like to open by reading an article written for the Wall Street Journal by Ted Doan, current president of the Dow Chemical Company. Mr. Doan said, in part: "Basically, the debate over Vietnam, as long as it remains peaceful and honest debate, is a healthy thing. And many of the questions being asked are pertinent questions which business must ask itself. Business should and must be willing to discuss some of these questions with the campus and intellectual community which has raised them. Discuss them, not in the emotional atmosphere of demonstrations and confrontations, but under conditions which will allow a true dialogue." On that basis, gentlemen, ROGUE would like to discuss two important issues which, again and again, have placed the Dow Chemical Company in, to put it mildly, an unfavorable light: (1) the use of napalm (which is supplied in major proportions by Dow Chemical) in Vietnam and (2) Dow Chemical's right to recruit on Campus. Ted, would you care to begin?

TED: Well, first of all, if you list all the weapons of war—napalm is one of the most vicious and one of the least certain. It's very hard to handle with any degree of accuracy and does not always accomplish its objective. Frequently napalm is used to 'search and destroy' a specific village which was supposed to have been infiltrated by

the Vietcong, and we find out later that the accuracy has been off—or the wind has shifted and the napalm has swept over areas where it was never intended. Just recently eight American boys were killed after a napalm strike had been called. The explanation had to do with a shift in the wind and with improper coordinates having been called in for the strike—but nevertheless, eight American boys are dead. Now, that's horrible enough in itself, but the number of villagers that have been killed, maimed, wounded: the children, the women... Napalm is not a selective weapon, it kills anybody in its path. It destroys villages that perhaps there is no reason to destroy. It leaves in its wake areas of land which won't grow anything for months, perhaps years.

DOW: I think that napalm, as a weapon of war, is as selective as some weapons, more selective than others and less selective than still others. There can be no question that napalm kills innocent victims and kills our own troops... just as any weapon of war does in one way or another.

TED: I would put napalm on a par with poison gas, germ warfare... as opposed to conventional weapons such as artillery. Another thing about napalm is, it doesn't just kill people, it also kills off a whole way of life in Vietnam. Vietnam has a particular agrarian and village way of life which napalm, more than any other single weapon, is calculated to destroy. To a Vietnamese, his land, his property means more than just a place to grow things or a place to live. It's the place where his religion is founded; it's the place where his ancestors are buried, where his family structure is actually rooted and we literally uproot this. We uproot the village itself, we uproot the vegetation. They can no longer grow things there. All of this is done with napalm. When a napalm strike is called, the idea is to level off the area; to burn it out. That's why it's more of a horrendous weapon. It would take a great amount of conventional artillery to serve the purpose that napalm serves in terms of wiping out an area.

DOW: One of the most common questions I'm asked about napalm is: 'What possible civilian use could it be put to if it weren't for the fact that the entire production of it were destined for Vietnam?' Well, one use is for clearing land which has not been previously under cultivation, land which can be made arable for agricultural products. I'm not at all aware, and I think it highly erroneous for Ted to say that it lays waste the land for months, even up to years. That is simply not true by my understanding of the use of napalm. True, Vietnamese villagers are uprooted, as Ted says. They are uprooted. I think he would have to agree, in many, many fashions, by the war in general and not necessarily by napalm specifically. They can easily be, and are, uprooted by the sweep of the war, no matter what the weapons. It could be bombs, it could be land mines, it could be artillery fire... this happens in wartime. You certainly couldn't lay the entire blame for uprooting the Vietnamese citizenry at the doorstep of napalm.

TED: I wonder if we could agree that napalm is certainly the most highly effective weapon in a war such as the one we're fighting. That's why it's used so much.

ROGUE: It's being used by both sides, isn't it?

DOW: Oh yes, indeed. It is in fact being used by the North Vietnamese in Vietnam. Because, napalm, in and of itself, is a rather simple product. It is not difficult to



TED GUTFREID: Dow Chemical is certainly in the position of the people who manufactured gas ovens to kill Jews

make. It is not chemistry, particularly, it's a blending operation.

ROGUE: Are there any other companies supplying napalm to the government?

DOW: I do not know the answer to that question. It is my understanding that there are, but I do not know that for sure.

TED: I think there are, but Dow is the major supplier.

DOW: The question really comes down to whether or not napalm is being used indiscriminately and being used with the intent of wiping out sections of the Vietnamese civilian populace.

TED: You said you thought I was wrong about rendering the land arid and you used as an example, the fact that one of the peacetime uses of napalm might be to clear land so that it could be used for agricultural purposes. Well, I frankly don't know enough about the chemistry involved, but I do know this, the ecology in Vietnam, in the Delta, is that it already is a highly arid land which is growing food products, and the effect of napalm on this land is to destroy the current crop and make it impossible to plant another for quite a while. It's a scorched earth policy, the same as was used by the Russians when retreating from the Germans in World War II. They scorched the earth, well knowing that the earth could not produce until another season. And to that extent, you have destroyed the capacity of the land to produce. Whether it's permanent or temporary, I wouldn't make a statement on.

DOW: It is not in any sense permanent in my understanding of the fertility of the earth.

TED: But you have destroyed crops and food in a land that is very short of food.

DOW: It is entirely possible that crops could be destroyed in this process.

TED: There's no doubt about it. Using napalm in the Delta which is the breadbasket of Southeast Asia, you're destroying the crops!

ROGUE: However, Ted, it does make an extreme dif-

ference whether it's permanent or temporary. If crops are being destroyed through the use of napalm, not as much damage has been done as if the land itself were destroyed. The difference between conventional bombs and napalm is that you could probably use one napalm canister and probably get the same effect having used, let's say, sixteen conventional bombs. I don't know. The point is, the result could be achieved using both weapons, it's just a matter of amounts. Now, are you damning Dow Chemical because they're making it easier to achieve this result?

TED: I'm not particularly damning Dow Chemical. I'm damning our government's use of napalm. I'm damning Dow Chemical only to the extent it is a firm run for the benefit of its stockholders and on a profit motive. They are therefore making a profit out of what I would call indiscriminate killing. I can pick up the newspaper almost every day and find out where some napalm strike has gone awry.

ROGUE: But haven't conventional bombs gone awry, too? We're talking about indiscriminate killing.

TED: When a bomb goes awry, it drops and kills a specific number of innocent people. When napalm goes awry it covers a much larger area.

DOW: I don't know that that's necessarily true. For example, the largest napalm canister, to my knowledge, that is being used in Vietnam, is a 750-pound canister and it is a bomb in the same sense of the word as an explosive bomb is. That is, it takes a detonation on contact to set it off and I rather think it would be as easy to miss with a conventional bomb as it would with a napalm bomb and that the heat of flame generated in a napalm flash is tremendous, but the spread of fire as a result of napalm is probably no greater than the spread of a fire from a conventional bomb if the fire is to be wind-blown. If that's what you're indicating.

TED: But you don't drop one bomb. You drop a thousand at a clip. And a thousand is not that many, really.

DOW: I, of course, have had occasion to do a great deal more reading on the conduct of the war than I probably would have done if it weren't for the fact that Dow Chemical were involved in napalm. I have not read about any situation in which massive numbers of napalm canisters were dropped in a single strike.

TED: It depends on what you mean by massive numbers. Now the strike I was referring to in which eight of our own men were killed was a strike that had been called where they responded by sending in 25 planes. If you send in 25 planes, I think we're safe in assuming that you're dropping 25 bombs, at least, and there, right away, you have more than 15,000 pounds of napalm bombs that you're dropping. Now 15,000 pounds of napalm bombs, if Manhattan Island were simply vegetation, could probably sweep it clean.

ROGUE: Ted, why is Dow Chemical being singled out? Why not other manufacturers who also supply materials in one form or another to the war effort? Why not U.S. Steel, say, or Humble Oil?

TED: They should be. However, I would like to point out one particular reason for picking Dow Chemical. If you remember, at the end of World War II at the Nuremberg Trials, Krupp was called to account for using slave labor. Now if we go back to the Geneva Convention, we find that we banned dum dum bullets, poison gas and germ warfare, but napalm was not considered because it was

simply not a major weapon at that time. It was used, but not in any way that would have given rise to the idea that it would be used to the extent it's being used today. I think if we were to reconvene that convention, we'd certainly outlaw napalm. I think if you are using a weapon which affects civilian populations more than it does soldier populations, you see, we're not really killing Vietcong with napalm, what we're doing is razing areas so the Vietcong can't hide there, and in the process we're wiping out innocent villages.

ROGUE: And if there are Vietcong in those villages, they're being wiped out also.

TED: That's true. I would have nothing to argue about if I could think the killing of one or two Vietcong justified the killing of a hundred innocent people.

ROGUE: You're assuming that a hundred innocent people are being killed and I don't know that statistics bear that out.

TED: I'm assuming, for instance, that the children are innocent.

ROGUE: How many children do you know statistically have been killed by napalm?

TED: Statistically we're bringing kids who have been injured by napalm over to this country for treatment all the time.

ROGUE: Have all these children been burned by napalm specifically? Or have they ...

TED: Many.

ROGUE: It's on record that a team of observers was sent to Vietnam.

TED: Who sent them?

ROGUE: President Johnson.

TED: Because if you want to get into teams of observers we can go to the Bertrand Russell war trials, who also sent observers.

ROGUE: And how many cases were discovered by them that were burn cases due to napalm and not due to negligent use of gasoline? Villagers steal American gasoline and try to cook with it or use it as they would kerosene ...

TED: I think you're talking to me now about accidents and I don't think that's enough for us to even waste time talking about.

ROGUE: How do you know? Is there a noticeable difference between a napalm burn and a kerosene or gasoline burn?

DOW: To my knowledge there is no chemical way of determining.

TED: I think this is a silly argument. The villagers may lift some gasoline from the PX and have a fire and children may be burned because of that. Such incidents may happen, but they're certainly not common enough for us to consider in light of what happens with napalm.

ROGUE: I just wonder if napalm is indiscriminately killing as many villagers as everyone is saying it is. I think sometimes we're inclined to read one report through the news media and somehow let it magnify itself.

TED: The news media throughout the country pretty much supports the Vietnam war. As a matter of fact, if you really want to find out about napalm, you can't read your ordinary news media. Occasionally you'll find one in the *New York Times*. I happen to think the *Times* does an excellent job of reporting. I'm willing to accept the reports that I find in the *Times*. I don't want to exaggerate but at least once a week I find a report which would indicate that napalm has been misused, that it has not serv-



DEAN WAKEFIELD, INSIGHT REPORTER
IS CONVINCED THERE'S A CIVILIAN DEADLY
BUT OF 35,000 ARE DIRECTLY ENGAGED
IN THE MANUFACTURE OF WARFARE

ed its purpose. It is an uncontrollable weapon.

DOW: I read the *Times* as thoroughly and as frequently, and I think I'm probably as geared to mentions of the word napalm as Ted is, yet I don't see it nearly as frequently as he does. I therefore wonder (a) if we're reading different editions of the *New York Times* or (b) reading the same edition three or four times?

ROGUE: I happen to have a quote from Dr. Howard A. Rusk, Medical Editor of the *New York Times* in front of me which I'd like to read. In 1967 Dr. Rusk gave a report from Saigon. Having been on an intensive tour of 20 Vietnamese civilian hospitals from the 17th parallel in the north to the Gulf of Siam in the south, and the facilities ranged from an isolated dispensary serving the Montagnards in the highlands, to large provincial civilian hospitals in the hottest combat areas. He said, and I quote, 'To many Americans, Vietnam is a distant and devastated country, filled with children who have been burned by American napalm bombs. This picture simply is not true. These are Dr. Rusk's words. The very nature of the fighting in Vietnam has made civilian casualties inevitable. From the beginning of the struggle, the Vietcong have continuously used terror tactics against civilians and as the military activities have become intensified the Vietcong have deliberately wiped out villages and mined busy roads. More and more civilians have been inadvertently caught in the crossfire, despite the very stringent precautions taken by the United States and allied forces. Not even partial statistics on the number of civilian casualties were available until last November when the first nationwide hospital survey was held. Monthly surveys since indicate that nationwide, approximately 15 per cent of all hospital admissions are war casualties. The remaining 85 per cent are for disease and accidents. Certainly there are burned children and adults in Vietnam. This writer (Rusk) personally saw every burn case in the 20 hospitals he visited. Among them was not a single case of burns due to napalm and but two from phosphorous shells. There have been cases of severe burns from napalm, but the numbers are not large in

comparison to burns due to accidents. Of the scores of American physicians queried, many had not seen a single case of burns due to napalm and others had seen but a single case. For every case of burns resulting from war, there are scores of cases of burns resulting from gasoline. End of quote. This is what I was referring to before about civilians piling gasoline, trying to cook with it, etc. Accidents are caused by stoves exploding, by

TED: I think you're overstating that tremendously.

ROGUE: I'm merely quoting Dr. Howard Rusk in the *New York Times*. You said you'd accept reports from the *Times*.

TED: Well, I'd have to know several things about Dr. Rusk. For instance, how long was he in Vietnam? What was he allowed to see? A newsman who goes over to cover Vietnam may be there for a year or two. If he's doing his job right, he's got to see a lot that he's not supposed to see. My point is that if you get an observer who's going over there who's being taken on a cook's tour by the military over there, what you end up with is an observer in the café of George Romney who came back and finally admitted he'd been brainwashed. And I think he probably was brainwashed.

DOW: Ted, Dow is definitely not operating in a vacuum here. We're not prepared to take Dr. Howard Rusk as the final authority any more than we were prepared to take *Ramparts* magazine as the final authority. What's taking place here, the use of napalm, the incidents of injuries, of casualties caused by napalm—we're certain the truth lies somewhere between there. We have to examine the end of truer reports of well over a hundred physicians and surgeons who went as volunteers to Vietnam under a program sponsored by the American Medical Association. We were unable to find more than two mentions of doctors who had, in the course of 60-day tours, personally seen Vietnamese who had been burned by napalm. On comparison it later became obvious that these two physicians had seen the same napalm burn in the same hospital at the same time.

TED: A recent NBC report did a ten- or fifteen-minute bit on some 23 children who had been brought over to this country to Mt. Sinai Hospital for treatment of napalm burns, for plastic surgery, as a matter of fact. My supposition would be that these were the worst cases that could not be treated in Vietnam because they didn't have the facilities. If we are made aware of 23 cases here, it's a good guess that there were many more there.

ROGUE: Ted, you mentioned Krupp and the Nuremberg Trials earlier. Were you equating the manufacturers of ovens, let's say, for the killing of Jews with Dow Chemical who supplies napalm to kill specifically the enemy?

TED: I would make that equation. I don't suppose you can make it legally, but at some point in the future you may be able to. The Vietnam war is both illegal and immoral, and those who collaborate with its being fought are in the positions of 'good Germans' (they're doing what they're told to do). Yes, I would say Dow Chemical is certainly in the position of the people who manufactured gas ovens to kill Jews for the Germans, well knowing what the ovens were going to be used for. Now Dow Chemical well knows what the effects of napalm are. DOW: We're talking about manufacturers in a country who are producing an item which is without question for use in a planned genocide on a captive, helpless peo-

ple under a dubiously constituted government. I can't see the parallel between that and the production of a weapon used in direct confrontation warfare by a government waging a war when that government is still a representative government. Dow Chemical is willing to stand judgment for having believed its government to be a duly constituted government, acting in a fashion totally consistent with its form of government.

TED: You're on shaky ground if you want to talk about the German government under Hitler being dubiously constituted. One of Hitler's most paranoid outlooks was the insistence that his government be a legally elected government. . . and it was. Its involvement in war, since it declared war on various nations which it fought, was much more legal than our involvement in Vietnam. The legality of our involvement is in direct contradiction to all the ground rules which this country has laid down. We are not at war technically. War has never been declared. Initially, our men were sent over there to observe, to help train. Now they're actually fighting. At no point in any of this were the duly elected representatives of the American people consulted. Dow Chemical has chosen to go along with a government which is waging war illegally. This makes them as culpable as the government itself.

DOW: You're choosing your illegalities, Ted, and deciding which of them you find to your choice. You raised the issue of *ex post facto* legality when you talked about the possibility that some court of jurisprudence in the future will consider some future Nuremberg, and I think that's a rather far-fetched possibility. I think I used the term 'dubious legality' in very much the same sense that you used the term 'illegality' in the context of the Vietnam war. I think neither of us can have it both ways.

ROGUE: Ted what's happening on campus? What's the hue and cry about and what does it have to do with Dow Chemical and its attempts to recruit?

TED: Well, you just opened a can of worms there. The campuses, for the most part, are run by boards of trustees with very little participation by either faculty or students. The big cry the students are raising has to do with lack of participation in formulating non-academic policy. Take Columbia as an example; when studies were made after much of the hullabaloo was over, they found that the students had a legitimate beef. Now, if the students are to consider the university *theirs* simply by virtue of being registered there, and if this is to be run democratically, they have the right to say who shall and who shall not come on campus to recruit. The students are saying that the Vietnam war, indeed our whole foreign policy, is misguided, if not actually evil. Therefore they don't want to cooperate with this. They consider it a matter of conscience to fight the war effort. Barring Dow Chemical from campus is their way of doing it. Now that's one thing. Another thing is the whole idea of how our draft is run in this country and how it works. Presumably, a graduate student who is recruited by Dow Chemical immediately has a deferment because he's engaged in an essential industry.

DOW: I don't think it's correct to say it's an automatic deferment, that employment at Dow is classified as essential employment. As a matter of fact, insofar as napalm is concerned, perhaps a dozen people out of some 35,000 employed by Dow in this country are directly engaged in the manufacture of napalm.

the LOVE syndrome



"I love this job!"





When I was born, my father told me he took one look at me and decided I would be called Douce (sweet) except my mother said you cannot call a baby Douce, you must call her by a Christian name. But she is too sweet, he said, she must be called Douce. You cannot go around calling a baby Douce, my mother insisted, you must give her another name!

All right, we'll call her Irma la Douce, he said.



La Douce





M

other lumed
What? Call my baby a street-
walker? Never!

To which my father said It
was only a play a musical,
what's the difference she was
sweet wasn't she? This baby is
sweet, too She shall be called
Douce

No I have it my mother
then told my father, she shall
be called Michelle

Why Michelle? my father
asked

Because that was my moth-
er's name!

My father gave in, but only
if I could be christened Michelle
la Douce My mother relented
She was just so happy it wasn't
Irma!

Douce's father is a vintner in
the Rhone Valley My father is
like the wines he bottles
Douce went on He is big and
strong and unpretentious, the
wine that goes with a loaf of
bread and thou

In which case, Douce, you
must be the thou of Omar's
poem You are in ours!






ONE SUMMER DAY

The rules of war, the law of the jungle, the pact between the hunter and the hunted all lead to the inevitable: Kill or be killed! What's a poor pacifist to do?

/by Herbert Leslie Greene



Soldar hit the road early, his satchel in one hand and the thumb of the other lifted high in the clear, warm morning air. He walked for an hour genially cursing the cars that **whooshed** past him over the highway and was just beginning to curse seriously when the tan station wagon pulled over. He trotted up to it and the first thing he saw was a mane of gleaming, red hair falling over bare white shoulders. Then he saw her face, smooth; white teeth flashing, pointed sun glasses. Beyond her, in the driver's seat, a heavy, bronzed man of middle age and hearty humor. "You'll fry your brains out there, sonny," he laughed.

"Would I be out here if I had brains?" Soldar replied and he was half in the wagon before the big man had a chance to say "Hop in." He slid into the back seat, noting at once how pleasantly fragrant the interior of that vehicle was and how that sweet, petite woman seemed to fill it, all of it.

The big man was extremely amiable; everything he said seemed to have a laugh just behind it and often it spilled out, a deep, rocking kind of laugh. He said his name was Haggity and the woman's, Lucille. She was his wife. They were on their way down the coast to spend a weekend on their cabin cruiser out at sea where everything was good and empty and there wasn't a million noses stuck up your rear end.

He laughed as he said that and his wife glanced at him, smiled below her sun glasses, her teeth flashing. She leaned back comfortably in her seat, her legs drawn up under her. She wore a dark green halter and shorts, and though Soldar could not see her legs or her body, he used his imagination and it was enough to stir him. She was fine looking and her hair dropped over her shoulders and her perfume crept about the insides of

One Summer Day

the car. Soldar sat back and breathed her in and tried not to look at her because Haggity could see him in the mirror and Soldar did not want to lose the ride or the sight and smell of the woman.

Haggity was asking him where he was heading and Soldar told him, "Up to the city, to the big peace march."

"You don't like war, huh?" Haggity asked, the constant laughter in his voice.

"I hate it," Soldar replied and then he found himself telling them all about his philosophy, his love of peace, his intense disgust with the war makers and their ghastly product; the same things he said in the bull sessions in the frat house and the bars and any place where there was an ear to hear him.

And Haggity said, "It's admirable as all hell not to want to hurt anybody, but it's also kind of impractical in this good old world of ours. Somebody is always ready to stick an ice-pick in your ear."

"If people are miserable brutes that's their problem. I won't join them. I refuse to participate in violence. I don't believe in it."

The woman turned her head then and he could feel the force of her gaze right through the tinted lenses of her glasses. "What do you believe in?" she asked, and her voice held laughter also, but a distinctly subtler kind.

Soldar swallowed and tried to keep his voice level as he said, "I believe in love." The woman chuckled and turned again to the road.

"You're a pretty sensible lad," Haggity said. "But I still think your ideals are a little too soft. If it was your wife or the other guy's you would start chopping just like the rest of us and you'd probably enjoy it like the rest of us."

"No," Soldar stated. "I could not hurt another human being."

Haggity laughed and kicked down on

the pedal. The wagon leaped forward, surging over the highway under the hot sun.

They stopped soon afterwards for hamburgers. In the cool dimness of the restaurant, Soldar saw that his imagination had functioned accurately. Lucille was all he thought her to be, made with rich, lush, perfect curves. Perfect as only a perfect little woman could possess, where another few pounds more or less might ruin everything. She swung along beside her husband with the sensual, instinctive certainty of a proud cat, with her hair flowing despite the heat and her skin gleaming taut. Soldar found it difficult to keep his eyes or his mind off her and often during the conversation over the food he verbally fumbled and twisted and was certain that at any moment Haggity would cease his laughing. But Haggity did not. He laughed and continued to laugh as though all were well in his world and could never be otherwise.

Then they were on the road again and Haggity was telling Soldar about the boat, the trim, sweet little craft that was their pride and joy. "Spare a few minutes and take a look at her. There'll always be a peace march."

It was not the boat that made Soldar agree, it was his reluctance to leave the vibrant aura of this woman. He was drawn to her like a school boy without logic or reason. He simply wanted to be near her a while longer.

Keeping up a running barrage of boisterous chatter, Haggity drove with light hands into the heat of midday, the car skimming smoothly over the asphalt until, without warning, he swung off the highway and down a side road. Ahead of them the sea lay like sparkling blue glass and the smell of salt water, sharp and exhilarating, seeped into the station wagon, into the heady perfume which Soldar was beginning to breathe and need as he did oxygen. They bounced down a gradually sloping hill until Soldar could see a stretch of white

sand beach and a couple of piers jutting into the water. Roped to the timber were clusters of sleek cruisers bobbing hypnotically in the easy tide.

"Ours is that sweet, blue baby near the end," Haggity grinned, anticipation causing him to squirm like a big, eager hound. Then he told Soldar to crouch down in the back seat so the marina guard would not see him. "They got some tight rules, you understand. We have to sneak you on board."

"Look," Soldar said. "Is it really worth the trouble to you, just to look your boat over? I won't be staying long, actually. I have to be in the city tonight. We march first thing in the morning..."

"No trouble," Haggity assured him. "Hell, man, it's fun. I love to pull the wool over the eyes of the old fool who runs this place. A real nazi."

Soldar shrugged and got down out of sight. After a few minutes he felt the car lurch to a stop and heard Haggity whisper, "Okay, lad. Nobody around. Come on out." Soldar had no chance to fully appraise the gentle structuring of the craft. He was hurried on board and down into the cabin. "Can't let nobody spot you, lad," Haggity chuckled from behind and then let loose a huge crow of intense satisfaction.

It was the last sound Soldar heard before something smashed into his skull and he dropped into a vat of pitching, brutal blackness.

When he finally opened his eyes and suffered through the first moments of awakening agony, his other senses began to throb and slowly inform him of mysterious and disquieting facts. First, he was still aboard the boat and the boat was moving. Second, and this was the most immediate and disturbing discovery of all, he was tied, tightly and securely, in one of the bunks. Without considering his predicament further he gave out a single yell which adequately conveyed the floundering inside his sorely used skull: that which begged for understanding in this suddenly perceived clenched new world.

Soon the cabin door swung in and the woman appeared. She was barefoot, now, and seemed smaller still, but no less alluring. She still wore the shorts and halter but a green scarf had been added to bind up her thick red hair. She entered, closed the door behind her and came to stand beside him, observing his difficulty with a casual smile. "I wouldn't make too much noise if I were you," she told him pleasantly. "He might come down and belt you some more."

"What is this, Lucille?" he asked, struggling to sit up in the ropes that held him. "What is happening here?"

The smell and appearance of her was as consuming as ever and she was so

Continued on Page 25



TM WORRIED ABOUT MY WIFE - SHE CAME AS EVE."

You wouldn't believe us if we told you

CHANDRIKA







WE'RE NOT JUST BEING BEAUTIFUL, WE'RE BEING REAL. WE'RE BEING US. WE'RE BEING THE ONLY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN THE WORLD.

Continued from Page 20

close to him now. The smile still touching her generous mouth, she reached out a slender hand and laid it with a voluptuous tenderness over the place on his head where he had been struck. She caressed the wound and then began to thread her fingers through his hair, all the while smiling and looking into his eyes with her own eyes, warm and probing.

"What is happening, Lucille?" he asked, again, this time in a voice which, despite his fear and pain, was filled with a responsive quivering to her touch.

She shushed him softly. "Shhh," and her lips retained the shape of the sound and she kissed him gently on his dry mouth...and then it was not gentle. She slowly put her arms around his neck, as though savoring every instant of the contact of their flesh, and kissed him harder, harder until his mouth was forced open and she invaded it with a darting tongue. He strained against the ropes, feeling his insides churning delightedly, his senses throbbing to the sudden intensity of her passion.

"Untie me," he croaked, wanting to hold her, to put his hands on her. "I can't," she told him. "He wouldn't like it."

"Does he like this? Does he like you down here with me doing this? Does he like this?"

"He doesn't mind," she replied. "He's a fighter, not a lover. This is part of the deal. My part. He doesn't bother me now. I don't bother him later."

"I don't understand..." He thrust against the ropes, feeling anger and want of her, grouping within him.

She said, "Shhh," again and then very deliberately removed the halter and the shorts and stood for a moment while he devoured the blinding nakedness of her with his eyes, as though his gazing upon her was part of it, a big part of it. She seemed to writhe under his stare, the skin of her body becoming warmer and tighter, her back arching, her splendid little breasts jutting forward, the nipples aroused as though the heat of his eyes had nourished them and made them flower. Then, with her breath coming hard and the smile trembling, she moaned lithely onto the bunk beside him, cooed gently to him, rubbing her naked body against his, her eyes moving from his face to his limbs, red with increasing excitement.

indulging and with increasing excitement against his. She undid his clothing and she put herself upon him, squirming and moaning and crying out as her passion was slaked. He groaned against her and rose to meet her and what had been impudent dreaming a short time before became ecstatic reality and the fear was blunted and the pain and all that he knew then was her, the soft,

hard, pressing, tearing, flooding presence of her. Her.

When they were done she very carefully readjusted his clothing, slid from the bunk and put on her green garments. The slow smile was back at the corners of her mouth, but now she seemed reluctant to look at him and he asked, finally, when he had his breath, "What's going to happen to me?"

She shrugged her fine, smooth shoulders and said with a trace of real regret, "I guess he'll kill you."

Later, he felt the forward motion of the boat cease. It came to a rocking halt and the anchor was dropped with a startling clamor. Then he saw Hag-gity again. The big man came pounding into the cabin, all the laughter still there, all the ponderous joviality. "Hi-yah, lad!" He untied Soldar's feet and half dragged the captive up to the deck.

The craft was anchored near an island. It was not a very big island, but dense with high shrubby and clinging, snake-like bamboo trees. The sand at the shoreline was dull and rocky and stretched back into the growth like gray veins. "That's our private preserve, lad," Haggity told him. "We found it and it's all ours. We come here occasionally and play games. And there ain't nobody to bother us. How about that?"

Soldar looked at the big man, at the bronzed toughness of him and asked, "Haggity, what the devil is this all about?"

"Without sacrificing a bit of his humor, Haggerty slapped Soldar across the face with just enough force to jar, but not break the younger man's teeth. "I'll tell you what it's all about, lad. This is the place where I bring the cowards and the whiners and the crawlers. This is the place I make men out of them. Where I show them how things really are and what garbage they have been spilling out of themselves for so long. So you're a peaceful lad, are you? And you don't believe in violence and you wouldn't hurt a fly. Well, now you are going to see how it really is. I'm gonna show you how it really is."

He untied Soldar then, and he handed him a knife, a long, rugged hunting knife. "That's for you, lad. You get an hour's start and then I come and get you. Don't that sound like a hell of a lot of fun?"

"Mr. Haggity," Soldar said, hearing his own voice break shamefully. "This is crazy."

"No, lad. This is life. It's so damn easy to talk when you don't know anything. So damn easy. I was a marine, lad. A good one. For over ten years. I was a drill instructor at good old Paris Island. I saw a lot of pansies like you and I broke a lot of 'em and I made men out of a lot of 'em. They kicked

Continued on Page 38

For The Sexually Tractable Adult:

SEXUAL OVER MAKING

By
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Small, most much male (and more than a few females) seem to have, without ever learning to love women. Yet, today, human sexuality is the legitimate object of popular inquiry, physical models of sexual intimacy, too, are openly displayed in lay books and periodicals. But these writings, while supposedly describing the physio-emotional factors of "sexual murderers," often pay tribute to outdated taboos and minority mores — with little wading chestnut non-sensibility. Thus, definitive instruction in the loving-making arts (as if such a thing were possible) can only speculate how many murderers prefer their

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Remember him, that stand-up friend with the insouciant smile? That straight-backed buddy you could always depend on? Remember him? Well, forget him. He's gone, out of it, replaced

WHATEVER BECAME OF DICK?

ARTICLE BY FRANKLYNN PETERSON



honestly,

it was not a repressed feeling of inadequacy which led to my study of the best-selling, most authoritative, highly scholarly and medically respected sex manuals. When all the pages have been turned, it is my duty to inform you, it's obvious there is a plot underway to emasculate the bedroom!

Take your penis, for example. You probably never knew how useless it really is. Now-a-days it is just one instrument which creates sensation in the female. Its greatest value is, as mental stimulation and an organ of reproduction. It is not necessary for her sexual pleasure... That castrating comment comes from a paperback sex manual purporting to describe the modern ways of doing what used to come naturally. The same authors offer more advice to cut still deeper into the male groin. Although some men do not care for such a position in intercourse, it should make little difference to a truly competent

lover. After all, his emotions are the less important of the two.

There are something like 50 sex manuals on the shelves of drugstores, bookstores, libraries and doctors' offices—everywhere but on the shelves of bookstores! As more and more people grow up less and less secure about matters pertaining to sex and love, publishers are raking in plenty of sales. One M.D.'s offering on the subject has sold over 1/2-million copies and a husband-wife team of doctors added up 2/3-million sales. A British M.D. offered his advice 20 years ago and was arrested for doing so, but over the years 3-million copies of his sex manual have eased the pain of his humiliation. Even though it's now dated, the publisher of that tract keeps it widely circulated in hardcover and paperback.

The ending may not always come out happy, but the covers on sex manuals begin with a bang. *A practical guidebook... a modern manual... how to achieve sex happiness... the marriage art... step-by-step guide to sexual joy... the way to a more rewarding sex life...*

Just the title of these alleged sex manuals is enough to make them suspect. Authors and publishers still blithely ignore the fact that sex is not something learned only the night after some preacher says the magic words. *Problems of MARRIED love... Sex happiness in MARRIAGE... THE MARRIAGE ART. A MARRIAGE Manual.*

Even though the majority of sex manuals do readily point out that sexual problems are developed long before wedding bells, the presses roll merrily on grinding out inadequate "marriage manuals," training future inadequates in the fine art of sexual inadequacy.

Imagine what a young woman is going to think of her man—and man for that matter, think of his woman—after reading this gem of wisdom on the marital arts: *If a woman works diligently to be available, she will find, eventually, that the feminine role can prove satisfying even if desire and passion are absent.* The book's title is as outmoded as its advice, yet over two million copies have decorated bedroom tables. More feminine advice from the same author: *Sex is so important that a woman should give it the same energy she exerts on cooking and cleaning and other household chores.* Any woman following that line will soon find her husband sending out for sex like he can

send out for Chinese food!

Any psychologist who took the time to analyze the sex-lives of sex manual authors would probably come up with something like old Sigmund Freud believed years ago: "People," Sigmund said, "like to get into jobs doing things they are least suited for!"

Even though the authors of a majority of sex manuals are men—males, at least—the man's role is continuously put down. *A man should understand in at least a very general way the sexual equipment and attitudes of his wife so he will not offend her by his ignorant blundering.* Thanks for the confidence, fellow! To prevent such ignorant blundering, however, a man need only read further in the exciting world of sex manuals where he will find a diagram of the female working mechanisms and the advice that *a man should study the drawing so on his wedding night he can compare his wife's genitals with the diagram in his sex manual.* Turn the lights on again, honey, I forgot what the drawing looks like!

A husband ought to put his heart in sex or their relationship is doomed to be unsatisfactory. The M.D.-writer makes nary a mention of the feminine heart. He is so busy trying to lay the seat of sexual maladjustment on only the hairy chests, in his critiques, "doc" seems to have overlooked the beguilingly curved chests of the other half of these sexual pursuits.

Subconsciously, how inadequate do you think the author felt when he turned out such juicy lines as these? *At the male's sexual CLIMAX.* And on the very next page he talks about the female's *ULTIMATE CLIMAX* of sexual excitement.

When that same climactic doctor discusses varied positions, the freest and hottest part of most sex manuals, he doesn't miss a chance to mention on every page a way to hold back the man's sexual role, assuming, evidently, that doing so will more readily let the feminine partner reach her climax. He reaches his own premature climax, however, by recommending a technique guaranteed to tickle somebody! *During the earlier phases of intercourse a husband should keep one finger busy stimulating the clitoris and the other hand busy stimulating the breasts and buttocks.* What about the toes, doctor, what should I be doing with my feet?

Rest, my son, rest. *Once the man has inserted his penis fully into his wife's*

Continued on Page 70

KEEP YOUR EYE ON KUSAMA

Rogue Goes to a
PUBLIC NUDE HAPPENING





A

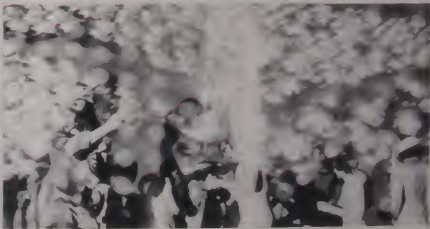
bout the only people who haven't caught Kusama's act are the police. They always seem to be one or two steps behind. By the time they catch up, Kusama has her cortege clothed again and off looking for more hallowed ground. Twenty-eight-year-old Kusama was born in Tokyo, came to the states while a teenager and is now affectionately known as the "Polka Dot Girl." The appellation refers to her penchant for spraying polka dots on the derrieres of her dance class—and on anyone within spraying distance.





H

er most recent happening at the Fillmore East Theatre was replete with willing boys and girls sans clothing. Psychedelic lights, music and action abounded, even a few moments with some fake "fuzz." Everything ended, as usual, on a happy, naked note with a highly psychedelic Star Spangled Banner being played in the background. Good ol' Kusama, she sure interrupts the monotony of Fun City!"





ORGY AT SAN BAGCO

In the village of San Giuseppe there were two statues. One, in front of the church, was of Saint Joseph, or Giuseppe. Facing it from the center of the piazza and disporting himself ribaldly in a fountain, was of the pagan god of wine and debauchery, Bacchus, or Bacco.

The priest, Father Fabrini, hated the lewd figure which leered at him whenever he opened the church doors, and he often disclosed this in his sermons. "A disgrace to our patron!" he would rant. "There is not room here for both statues."

But Bacco had always been there so far as the Italians knew, and they were not a people to disturb tradition.

The *paesani* were disappointed in the priest anyhow. The vines on the mountain terraces were withering under a long drought. And on the vines depended the survival of the village. So what did the priest do to help? He told them to pray to Saint Joseph for a miracle. They were desperate.



hort time left to live and the *pacem* intended to enjoy it! Fiction by Jack E. Cummings



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Orgy at San Bacco

A black cloud of much promise formed around the twin peaks above them. When this first happened, some of the women tried to kiss the feet of Father Fabbrini. But though the cloud stayed there, the rain never came, and the *paesani* began to grumble and to curse the priest as an incompetent.

On the terraces the strong sun slanted in from the west and continued to blister the vines.

Father Fabbrini prayed for something to happen.

Into the piazza during the siesta hours of an afternoon in 1946 came a drunken American soldier. He rolled off the back of Gino Niccola's oxcart, a fat slob of a man with veins in his puffed cheeks, his private's uniform soiled and stained with spilled drink. He held a strangle-hold on the necks of two open bottles of cognac, and he sang loudly and blusteringly of his identity.

"Oh, my name is Joe Backus. I come from West Texas.

Oh, I worked in a whorehouse there!" He punctuated his refrain with a swing from each bottle.

The villagers nearest the piazza were awakened, and looked through their shutters. Only those who had been conscripted into Il Duce's army had ever seen an American soldier.

The war had missed San Giuseppe two years before, except for a handful of Germans who had arrived in a hurry, stayed less than a week, then fled as news of the American advance trickled in. But the Americans never came to the village. They bypassed it on their way up the valley below.

When the *paesani* heard the American in the piazza, some of them thought another war had started, or that the old one had never ended. They listened sleepily to the argument between Gino and the soldier, and were about to return to their beds when suddenly the soldier tossed an empty bottle into the fountain, drew a fistful of currency from his jacket and shoved it into Gino's face. Gino grabbed the *lire* in both hands, and his voice changed from protest to fawning gratitude.

The sight of the money drove all sleepiness from the *paesani*. They pulled on their pants and went forth to deal with the stranger. At first, as they approached him, they were filled with anger that this drunken American should have all that *lire* and they should have none. But as they reached his side, he finished off the second bottle of cognac, threw the empty against the sprawling figure of Bacchus, and invited them all to join him for a drink at the tavern.

Gino's enthusiasm swayed them. "Ah, che bruto!" Gino said. "What a great slob of a man! He seizes the bitter

grapes of life and wrings from them sweet juices!" Gino kept squeezing the handful of currency in his pocket.

"And we," said one of the *paesani*, "waste our days in slavery on the side of this accursed mountain."

And so they followed the soldier to Lupo's tavern where he pounded his pudgy fist upon the bar and ordered drinks for everyone. He gurgled down more cognac himself, then burst again into song.

"Oh, my name is Joe Backus. I come from West Texas.

Oh, I pimped in a whorehouse there!" Sergio, who had been a conscript, translated this for the *paesani*, and they laughed, although they had winced at the tune of it.

Sergio looked at the division patch on the shoulder of the soldier's dirty uniform. It was the head of a red bull. "Did you fight in North Africa, soldato?"

"No," the soldier said. "I went in at Salerno."

"I was in North Africa," Sergio said. He thought for a while, then said, "But if you went in at Salerno, why are you still in the army, soldato?"

"Bad time," the soldier said. "I done a lot of bad time in the stockade at Pisa."

He sang again. "In my mind, up at Pisa, I laid Mona Lisa."

And that's what makes her smile!" "Bad time," Sergio said.

"Plenty bad," the soldier said. "But now I'm out for a good time to make up for it."

Sergio interpreted this for the others. "Ahhh!" said one of them. "And with such wealth, why not?"

"Where did you get so much money?" Sergio said.

"On the black market," the soldier said. "Did you think I robbed an Army payroll?"

Sergio pondered this. "Yes," he said. The American laughed and slapped his shoulder. "Then all the more reason to enjoy it while I can, hey? A full week if I'm lucky. By then the M.P.'s will catch up with me. So I want much cognac and many *signorine Cupisco*!"

"Sure, Joe, sure," Sergio said. "I'll go get my young sister for you."

"That's the stuff!" Sergio took off at a run for the house of a fat old widow, Rosa, who would entertain men for money.

"And what brings you to San Giuseppe?" one of them said.

"Are you stupid?" said another. "He comes here to hide. And we will hide you, well, soldato. You need fear no one."

The soldier laughed and ordered more drink for all of them. "Until my money runs out, hey? But that's all right. When it does, I'll run." He staggered.

Continued on Page 53

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Germany may not be the most prolific of film-makers, but when she sets her mind to it, she comes up with a real corker. *Wenn es Nacht wird auf der Reeperbahn* is her latest hot effort (*When it is Growing Dark on the Reeperbahn*) and there is every reason to believe that this may be the best of an exceptional lot.

The text, for one of the few times in sex-exploitation film history, isn't too bad—in fact, it is pretty good. Basically it deals with Danny Sonntag (which just happens to mean Sunday; how obvious can you get!) who, as a mild-mannered reporter, infiltrates a narcotics ring and winds up discovering a teenage prostitution ring on the side. Naturally, when he tries to report this to his superiors, he discovers, also, that his boss doesn't want to make any waves because the head of the narcotics/prostitution ring is the son of a very influential, wealthy man who just happens to have a controlling interest in the newspaper... plus a finger in the current political pie. Needless to say, there's a crooked police commissioner in the middle.



FRAULEINS UBER ALLES



PHOTOS: GABRIELLE SHAWON & MARILYN POLICER





You know that part of it is going to end up all right for all the good people concerned . . . and there are some goodies! Like Gabrielle Sharon, for instance, a sloe-eyed, raven-haired beauty who will bring you to the brink of apoplexy. She and Tanja Gruber, a blonde will-o'-the-wisp who can also upset your Adam's apple with one blink of her blue eyes, are only two of the lovable lovelies who are put upon to service this house of ill repute.

It's really a film for the entire family . . . providing your family digs a little whipping scene now and then, an occasional rape or two, tasty young things with dirty old men, and has a voyeuristic view of life. There's enough here for everybody.

Hesperbahn, by the way, is one of the roughest sections of the Hamburg waterfront. Sailors, merchant marines, stevedores and sundry other similar clientele inhabit the many gauche, gaudy, dives that line its dim-lit streets. Old Danny Sunday has his work cut out for him.

The film had to go far-out to be anywhere near realistic in this setting. Give the Germans an "A" for effort. They damn near went overboard!



Continued from Page 25

me out of the Corps because the pansies' mothers began to slobber and all the yellow bellied politicians got scared and started to holler for my hide, because the Corps wasn't the same anymore, because the cowards were running it now. So they kicked me out, but I don't hold that against the Corps. I hold that against you and your kind who are turning this country into a sheep farm. So I keep on doing my little share of the work. I gather up a coward every so often and I bring him out here and I let him loose on that island. Then I come after him and if he's man enough, he'll make it. If he ain't, then he stays there and who the hell will miss him?"

"This is crazy," Soldar said again. Beyond the bulk of Haggity he could see Lucille sprawled atop the cabin in the sun. She was naked again, her body

oiled sleek. She gave herself to the radiating heat as she gave herself to Soldar, with a squirming need, oblivious of all but that need. "Let me go," he said to Haggity, feeling himself breaking inside, feeling as though it were all some kind of dream, all so unreal. All but the fear.

With a joyful yelp Haggity shoved him off the deck into the waist deep water. Soldar stood trembling and soaking, the knife in his hand, hanging from his fingers like some repulsive growth. "One hour, lad," Haggity called to him. "You better get going. That island ain't too big so use your head. Don't make it too easy." Then he picked up a large double-barrelled shotgun and laid it roughly across one of his massive shoulders.

Soldar turned and slogged over the sand into the brush. By the time he reached the first sodden, mosquito-infested shade, his wind, most of his

strength and all his courage was gone. He stumbled along, his breath coming in convulsive gasps. He cried and moaned aloud and tried to tell himself how incredible it all was, that he could not be here and this could not be happening. But it was; the scraping, cutting branches told him it was; the biting bugs and the brutal pressure on his body of running and searching for... what? For what? It was happening and to him, to Soldar the indoor tactician and philosopher who always knew what was happening and where it was at; who was always so sure of his own way and the way of the world. And now he was running for his life on a stinking, deserted little island at the mercy of a maniac with a shotgun which even Soldar, with his instinctive disinterest in the exotics of firearms, knew could blow a man in half.

He ran until he could not see the water or hear it on the beach. The only sounds then were the cracking and crushing of the shrubbery under his feet, the constant whine of insects and his own tortured breathing. He won't make me kill him, he told himself fretfully. If I could disarm him and reason with him; if I could do any number of logical things. There doesn't have to be death. We're men. There doesn't have to be death.

But then he thought seriously of the two back there, of the big man and the way his face looked and his voice sounded when he spoke of his beliefs and his hates, and his wife who gave herself under his very nose to those with the shadow of doom across them. They were both sick, sick, and the certain realization of this took whatever steam left in him, out of him and he fell down and wept with dry, wracking sobs. Fear crawled over him and into him and it was like nothing he had ever known.

I can't kill, he told himself hysterically. I'm a civilized man. But then he thought: I can die. A civilized man can die. And he lay there while the weariness swept over him and threatened to drag him down into sleep and he knew he could sleep because, after all that he knew, all that he felt, still he could not believe totally in the idea of his end. He began to seclude himself in the gullies of hypothesis. He imagined it to be a joke or a perverse kind of lesson being taught him. Such thoughts impressed him and he lifted his face with new hope.

And then he saw the hand. At first it appeared to be some grotesque kind of growth sprouting up, but then he crept forward cautiously and saw that it was very definitely a hand sticking out of the sandy soil, a hand, bug-ridden and rotted, stiff and molding. With

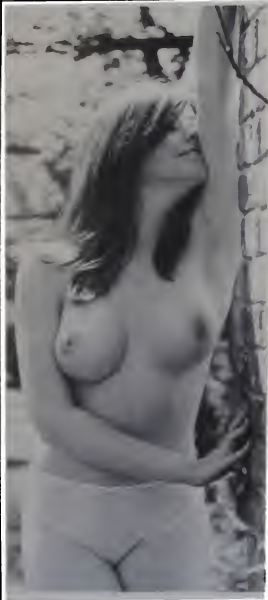
Continued on Page 68



"AHA, A STOWAWAY!"

NANCY.

WITH NO SMILING FACE..!



"The way I see it," English-born Nancy Gates explained, "Mona Lisa got tremendous recognition with barely a half smile. Now that's for me! If I could get half, or even one-fourth the attention she got, with the smile I give, well then, I'm on my way." **On her way** is toward a brighter and more productive acting career. Thus far, Nancy has appeared in several West End productions in London that received critical acclaim, but lacked public support. "We closed in one week!" is the terse way she put it. "For once the critics liked it, but the audience wouldn't come. Don't ask me why. It was a very good play with very good actors in it. Really, I just don't know what to give them anymore, you know? The audience, I mean." Chin up, Nancy. You just keep wearing that half smile and you'll get more attention than even you bargained for.

NANCY











A RHYME FOR NO REASON

Brenda Rhyme is a pert, pixiesh 20-year-old with a definite flair for mischief. She'll try practically anything once, for no reason, just for kicks. "Cause I get a kick out of it," she says.

Like writing silly poetry. One silly sample goes like this:

Rub-a-dub-dub
I'm alone in my tub
Looking for someone who
Might have the knack
For scrubbing my back;
Could that someone be you?
Well, could it?

or whole library! It was only by the most fortuitous of accidents that it was discovered in a dusty little volume perched high and obscurely on the shelf of a local used book store.¹

The implications here, it would seem, are all too clear. Whether through sloth, snobbery or puritanical squeamishness, scholars have been curiously derelict in the matter of expounding upon the sanitary customs and hygienic arrangements of our forebears. Historians, archeologists and etymologists may sing the technological glory and semantic romance of Roman ceramic sewer pipe, but...

Where is the Toynbee who records that Eglon, an ancient Moabite king, so enjoyed the delights of his privy that he commonly held council there—and was, in fact, fatally knifed while so ensconced?

In what journal of paleontology will you find it noted that some unknown genius of Minoan, a good 2900 years before Christ, developed a crude but effective forerunner of the venerable Mr. Crapper's device?

And in what etymological dictionary will you read that our word *toilet* comes from the French *toile*, meaning "cloth," which in turn comes from the Latin *teila*, meaning web—which latter may have been applied to a set of straps used to support the human backside for obvious purposes?

'Tis a pity (if not, as we shall later see, a tragedy!) that the scholars have been so closeted, as it were, on these matters. If naught else, they have cheated us of that rich fund of literature which normally attends the historical struggle of any great technology. And, if you'll forgive the expression, to what end? Truth, as they say, will out. In fact, to some degree it has.

History, despite the shirking of its scribes and scrutineers, is fairly studded with incidents and footnotes having to do with the use and development of the bifflie. The aforementioned pity, nonetheless, lies in the fact that we must make do with a skeleton of bare, so to speak, facts, and can only wonder what great moral lesson, what great insights, what great deeds of villainy and heroism might have been revealed by the fully fleshed-out tales (sorry) at which they

hint. Thus have we been deprived of a truly commodious look at the past.

Charles of Spain, the Holy Roman Emperor, for example, is said to have been born in a privy. If true, one cannot help speculating upon matters of maternal IQ and, consequently, upon the genetic suitability of Charles to wear the crown. (See, oh, historians, how you have failed us?)

"*Le Grand Monarque*," Louis XIV, for still a further example, often held court while seated upon, not the throne, but the equivalent of the royal commode. With this fact, immediate doubts concerning royal literacy arise. In the normal course of events, His Majesty surely would have read of the fate of Eglon. Unless, of course, he could not read at all!

England's Henry the IV similarly enjoyed company while occupied with his toilet. But here, it would seem, we have a monarch who was unquestionably literate and kept himself abreast of important matters. Having no doubt read of the Moabite's untimely demise, Henry obviously chose his companions wisely. Twice did they save him, under such circumstances, from the swords of would-be assassins. In contrast, Henry III and James I, a Scottish ruler, did not fair so well. Like Eglon, they were murdered in



ne of the first flush toilets in history made its appearance in London early in the 19th century. It was invented, auspiciously enough, by one John Crapper.

Aside from providing a rather strong clue to the origin of certain euphemisms applied to that most functional of monuments to human hygiene, the foregoing item is significant in yet another way: you'll play hell trying to find it listed in any historical reference, encyclopedia



THE PORCELAIN HEAD

their privies. (Which should immediately inspire any lexicographer worthy of his fly-page to thoroughly research the very strong possibility that our word *bodyguard* should actually be *potty-guard*.)

Yet another foul calamity visited death *en masse* upon a whole group of noblemen in Erlurt, Germany, in 1183—and while not strictly related to commodes and such, it was nonetheless a consequence of what one might still call an *objet d'assainissement*. On the particular occasion, Emperor Frederick I had summoned his lords to council in the great hall. Unbeknownst to the Emperor, a group of them gathered in one corner and began plotting his royal undoing. Without warning, the floor beneath their feet gave way, tumbling several of their number into a cesspool below. By clinging to the edge of the jagged hole, a few managed to survive, but a baker's dozen of the would-be dirtyworkers appropriately met their doom in the suddenly exposed sink of corruption. (Is it from this, the inquiring mind wonders, that politics perchance earned its original odious reputation?)

Toilet traumas, it would seem, were by no means restricted to either the masculine gentry, or to purposeful plotting. England's "Good Queen Anne,"

according to certain obscure sources, was an altogether innocent victim on non-political hygienic happenstance. Allegedly, the Queen was using a ceramic chamber pot one evening, when the cantankerous commode collapsed, doing such extensive damage to the royal backside that Her Majesty's blood loss was near fatal.

Thereafter, we are told, she refused to employ any similar device, until her physician designed a truly safe one by topping a stout wooden box, wherein the customary ceramic receptacle was placed, with a thick marble slab—which latter had been hewn through, of course, with a large centered hole. We are *not* told, however, what emotionally distorted national policies were undoubtedly formulated by the Queen during her interim colonic occlusion!

A diligent search of historic esoterica reveals certain minor, but nonetheless vital facts concerning privies themselves. While the ancient Minoans, for example, may have been the more ingenious, the Romans were clearly the more industrious in matters sanitary. Their lavish sewer systems, as previously noted, are still regarded as masterpieces of sophisticated engineering, as are their famous aqueducts. Their lesser

known facilities were no less deserving of praise, yet modern chroniclers have all but ignored them. The Romans, themselves, however, were duly appreciative.

Writing in 140 A.D., the Emperor Antoninus Pius describes the extensive devices which were part of the baths of Agripone—260 marble slabs, properly shaped and holed—which were, he further notes, far superior to the usual large jars and vases spotted along the Roman roads for similar purposes. Modern writers, though, would seemingly have us believe that bathing and fornication were the only biological imperatives served by the ancient baths, and that the Romans had not the slightest conception of Traveler's Aid. Ha!

In the matter of providing comfort for the wayfarer, the era of travel by coach-and-four saw the employment of a particularly ingenious device: a "trunk-toilet." Essentially a leather-covered box, it had a lid which, when raised, formed a back-rest, and it possessed a web of leather straps which supported its user. Yet we, in our smug modernity, persist in believing that the portable privy was an innovation sired by Greyhound and TWA out of Pullman. Oh, vanity of vanities!

Another version of the ambulatory outhouse made its appearance about the time of Oliver Cromwell. Veritable blockhouses, they were cumbersome things built of heavy timbers and cast-iron fittings, and the nature of their being apparently led to their being nicknamed "Ironslides." One historian, however, who mentions them briefly, avers that the name was actually a reference to Cromwell, himself. If true, we have yet another case of our scholars cheating us of our due. What sort of man, healthy curiosity instantly asks, possessed of what secret nature, could inspire the naming of *such* a device?

Commodes apparently had their military import, too. The projecting turrets of many medieval castles were designed, it appears to serve as privies. Equipped with characteristic seats, they jutted out over the castle moat, or else were designed with flues which led out and away from the castle walls. In either case, they not only exposed their users to the elements, but to certain ignominy.





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Porcelain Head

Concerning England's Rochester Castle, for one example, it is recorded that during a particular siege one of its defenders carelessly enthroned himself upon such an overhanging commodore unaware that an especially brave enemy archer had positioned himself directly below. At the critical instant of the defender's exposure, the bowman loosed an arrow. The unfortunate target, we are told, was subsequently unable to fight - or, presumably, sit - for a month. Yet, do we find in any etymological reference the notation that an instance such as this may underlie the origin of the term *flank attack*? We do not!

Historical footnotes concerning privies, their progress and use are, as noted, virtually numbered in the hundreds. But these few serve admirably to support the charges of dereliction which we have laid at the feet of historians, *et al*. A dereliction, let it be hastily, but emphatically added, that has not been without its price in terms of human suffering. As we have endured until recent times an erotic frustration born of Victorian sexual ignorance, so too, it would seem, have we been victimized in matters excretory. Not only have we been cheated of a rich literary heritage, but history itself, owing to this failure of scholars, may have been bent time and again towards trauma and tragedy. Where there is a lack of proper historical perspective, misuse and misunderstanding of any technological development is bound to arise. And such always has its socio-political ramifications.

Concerning this latter, for example. English writer Reginald Reynolds has said: "Who knows but that Hitler himself, had he been more fortunate in his habits, would have been a happy (and tin consequence) a harmless person?" For I have heard it said, even of our own countrymen, that their habits of feeding induced a lethargy in their bowels, which in turn so irritated and inflamed their constitutions that they were induced to subdue one-fifth of the globe to their dominion; when for the cost of a few legs each day (and a proper historical appreciation of the privy!) they might have lived in peace, with their household gods. Therefore, if history be properly understood, it may prove to be the case that (World War II) began not at Munich or Versailles, but in an empty closet in Austria, where a dismal failure was unrecorded for which even the empire of the world could not atone."

It is not without good and sufficient reason after all that the Freudians have made so much ado about proper toilet-training. Oh, that they - and the infamous Mr. Crapper - had but seen the light of day beneath a Minivan sun!

If you've invested with Big Brother & the Holding Company, and flown with the Jefferson Airplane, then you've been turned on by today's reigning queens of rock. If not, then sensual adventures most ear-deafeningly await you./by J.C. Thomas

JOPLIN & SLICK:



HIP CHICKS WHO ROCK WITH SOUL

Living less than two miles apart from each other in San Francisco—though personally, musically and otherwise as opposite as Tiny Tim and Minnesota Fats—are the two most praised, powerful and pulsating singers in today's revolutionary idiom of rock.

Janis Joplin, Texas-born of a hard-traveling life of slumming and bumming, screams the blues so hard that her voice is forever vibrating on the edge of total destruction, her dancing body shoving sex at the audience from every angle, the hottest girl howler in rock.

Grace Slick, Chicago-sired but never tired of cross-country touring, a regal queen whose sophistication and cool are sometimes pushed to the point of being cruel, a high priestess of the faithful

who come to worship when she turns on her four-octave register to splash them with the psychedelic residue of acid rock.

They are two young girls of rock. And sometimes they shock.

Bluntly, like Janis Joplin does... especially when she's hung up on her habit of shaking her long, straggly, (she calls it "ratty") brown waist-length hair in public. Which did occur one day, at a press party to be precise, where one up-tight girl reporter coldly covered her drink and asked Janis, "Do you mind?" To which free-swinging Janis jauntily replied, in the politest of tones, "Screw off, baby."

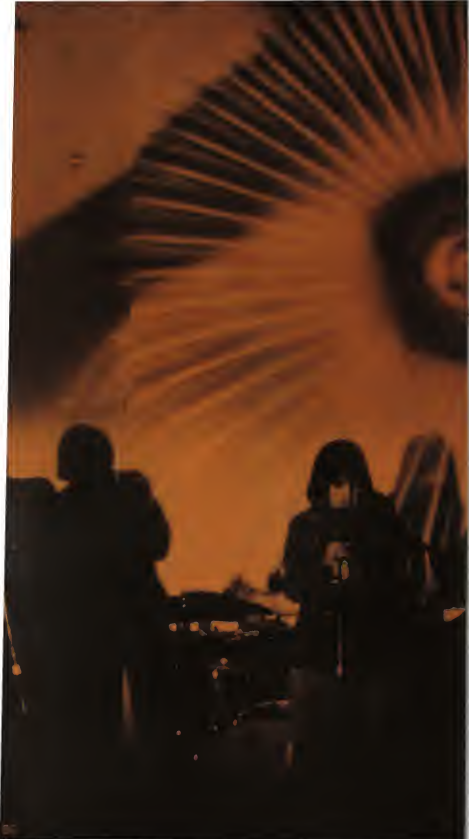
Janis baby herself is from Port Arthur, Texas, Texas... a state strangely conducive to the blues. And the blues are

indeed Janis' bag—the blues of Bessie Smith and Blind Lemon Jefferson and beyond, way back to the field hollers and chain gang chants that were the very beginning of the blues. You get the blues from paying dues; Janis at 25 has paid her dues, with plenty of compound interest as well.

"In Texas, I was a beatnik, a weirdo," she says. In Texas, that simple statement can very well sum up one's life.

"Man, these people hurt me," she continued. "To them I was just silly, crazy Janis." It makes me happy to know that I'm making it and that they're back there, plumbers and just like they were."

Yes, Janis was different. She read... she painted... she thought. Yes, thought... thinking, instead of drinking, is more than enough to get yourself called a



break. By others far fresher than you.
And she hummed. To the blues.

And then she started singing the blues. And hitting the road. Not the road to Mandalay where the flying fishes play... but the road to San Francisco where the Pacific pulsates with the roar of rock, and the road to New York where the Atlantic is agitated by the same musical metaphor, though there in a slightly more frantic phase.

In New York she worked at dozens of part-time jobs, from dishwasher to social worker. New York to her, however, was a cold bustling town of cold-water flats and cold-shouldering crowds, and she found herself heading for the city of the Golden Gate a few frantic years later.

To get there she used her head rather than her thumb. She hitched a ride with a male friend from Texas for the simple reason, as she puts it: "He needed a girl to get rides, and I needed a guy so I wouldn't get raped."

Whether she was or was not raped is not recorded. What is recorded is that she began living in San Francisco in 1966, still bumming and singing the blues until she was asked by Big Brother and the Holding Company, one of the best of the reigning rock bands, to join them for a dance at the Avalon Ballroom, the reigning rock mecca of the bay area. As she remembers the scene, "All this pulsating rhythm, so sensual, so violent. I had never danced before, but with all *that* going on, I couldn't stay still. Man, it was so loud up there. To try and hear, I sang louder and louder and by the end I was wild!"

Wild in the ballroom, not in the streets.

But wild enough for Cashbox, a publication not noted for its poetic sentiments, to call her "a mixture of Leadbelly, a steam engine, Calamity Jane, Bessie Smith, an oil derrick, and rot-gut bourbon funneled into the 20th century somewhere between El Paso and San Francisco." Her lubricant, however, is not bourbon but Southern Comfort, and she confides that "I usually get about a pint and a half down me when I'm performing. Any more, I start to nod out."

No one nods out when Janis is on stage; rather, her audience is knocked out.

For Janis Joplin, gripping the microphone as if choking it to death, her wide-open mouth creased in ecstasy, is both perpetual motion and sexual fulfillment. Writhing and gyrating like a stepped-on snake, her gold-embroidered bellbottoms and black-squined gypsy cape becoming blurred colors as her supple swinging body bumps and grinds. Her gutsy gritty voice tears into *Love is Like a Ball and Chain* and her buxom body shudders as if she were in the final throes of orgasm—anguish, pain, exor-

cism, release with the ever-pounding never-stopping raw rock beat behind her, pushing her into a frenzy of vocal fornication, totally involved with the passion of the music and her emotionally-shattered audience. All the way.

"When I sing, I feel chicks, things slipping all over me, real sensual, like when you're first in love. It always gets me. It's my song, and I have to make it."

She has recorded, with Big Brother and the Holding Company, one album on Mainstream, a small offbeat label. Now, however, that she is in the big time, her new label is Columbia, and her new album is titled—one must suppose, ironically—*Cheap Thrills*.

"If you hear a record," she explains, "you don't get the electricity of seeing and feeling. That's what a good singer has to do: turn on a stage, turn on an audience."

That she surely does.

But...electricity can work in different ways its many wonders to perform. And sometimes static electricity can de-

giving her followers the words to her own song *White Rabbit*, as the Jefferson Airplane takes off from whatever ballroom, stage or concert hall where they are performing. Her rich four-octave vibrato resonates into the rafters, rattling the audience's minds, as her power penetrates the psyches of those assembled to dig her psychedelic trip-taking references, loosely based on Lewis Carroll's classic *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

Grace in Wonderland. Grace explaining that *White Rabbit* is not necessarily about drugs. It just explains fantasy and the fact that it's possible to take yourself out of one position and move into another. If I sat around long enough looking at this floor and it knocked me out, then I'd write about this floor."

A rock group. Which she and some friends formed "for a gag." A rock group called the Great Society, which played nothing remotely relating to the LBJ brand, but ephemeral electronic San Francisco style rock that rocked

earlier, it's not only Grace's voice that contributes to the ever-increasing variety of the music—an advanced electronic, psychedelic love-rock that comes on charging and complex—but also her piano, guitar, organ... and arranging.

Perhaps not so strangely, the studio rather than the stage is rapidly becoming her scene.

"Do you realize how loud it is on-stage?" she asks, her eyes bright and questioning, her hands making circular motions as if conducting an orchestra. "There it's the musicians' turn. Only in recording can I really sing. And I like to use electronic things. Nobody, nobody knows the extent of them. Electronics is always new, you could discover a new sound anytime."

"If you want to get at the real reason why kids are in the hippie scene, look at their parents," she says. The commuting executive who consumes too many cocktails at lunch, the suburban matron who patronizes just the right charities and people... to her, they lead the most dead-end and phoniest of existences, and she thinks this is bound to affect their children, but fast. "The kids may not know what it is that's bugging them, but they know they've got to get out because they're bored to death. Then they drop some acid and they find fascination in staring at a doorknob for half an hour."

She continues, "I love to watch people in sex play. I'd rather watch somebody ball than look at photographs of the Vietnam war in *Life* or *Look* magazine. Those scenes are really filthy. They're obscene. Let's look at people making love; that's groovy."

Since the Jefferson Airplane is now rather successful (at \$10,000 a concert and up), and despite her previously-stated affinity for advertising, Grace does not take kindly to those who claim the group has "sold out." As she emphasizes, "No matter what they say, we're still hippies."

And hippies, so some say, dig drugs. As does Grace, who has LSD-flown without the Airplane's assistance on more than a few occasions, who explains that "The kids'll run a car into the wall and take their heads off that way. We're doing it for them with music. If that doesn't hold them down, then they'll have to take acid and try that. It's better than getting into street fights and slicing up cars and people with knives and rocks, isn't it?"

Though it's Grace Slick talking, it could be Janis Joplin, Bob Dylan, Arlo Guthrie, Joan Baez, Jim Morrison and the Doors... it could be anyone in rock whose free expressions are best boiled down into a three-word philosophy that Grace screams out with the final words of her song *White Rabbit*: "Feed your head."



PHOTO: RCA RECORDS

velop... and destroy, not cement, a relationship.

Specifically, the relationship between Janis and the Big Brother band.

From the heat of the night to the cool of the day. The supercool Grace Slick, stewardess of the Jefferson Airplane.

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and shocked the kids off their bottoms and onto the dance floor. And, unfortunately, in this case like LBJ's version, the Great Society also came apart "later," though not much so—from lack of concern and lessening of interest.

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Continued from Page 34

gered to the doorway and looked up to the end of the street and beyond it to the cloud-covered peaks.

"I'll go up there, then," he said. "A man could fight off a battalion from up there."

"He is pazzo," a paesani said. "The man is crazy."

Another drank and said, "Who cares? He has enough money. Let's make it a festa week."

Sergio returned with the fat old widow, Rosa. "This is the soldier who is looking for a good time," Sergio said.

Rosa pushed forward and rubbed her big tits against the soldier.

"Hey, hey!" shouted Backus. "My name is Joe Backus, I come—" Rosa embraced him, her tongue licking the words from his mouth.

"Backus, Backus," Sergio said, translating to himself. "Ah! Similar Bacco, the god in the fountain!"

The soldier ran his hand up Rosa's leg.

Sergio whispered to the tavern owner, Lupo. Lupo nodded. Sergio turned to Backus and said, "Take her into the back room, if you like, Bacco."

Still clinging to each other, Backus and Rosa waddled sideways to the rear of the tavern.

"What a way to live!" Gino said.

"He has only a short life," Sergio said.

"Then we must help him to enjoy it while he can," Gino said.

They drank. "An excellent idea," someone said. "Who suggested a festa week?"

"The Festa di Bacco!" Sergio said. "We will all share this great slob's pleasure. More drink, Lupo! The soldier will pay for it."

By night every man in the village was drunk, and by next day the women had joined in. Backus, himself, never paused in his revelry. He guzzled and chanted and grew tired of Rosa and demanded new women. He offered much *lire* for them, and the *paesani*, loosened by drunkenness, began to procure wives and sisters for him. Confused and befuddled, they also sampled each other's wares.

On the third day Father Fabринi locked the doors of his church after he found a couple fornicating in a rear pew. On the fourth day he peeked out and saw the *podesta* making out with Rosa on the stone bench in front of the fountain, encouraged by the shouts and applause of a small crowd.

Father Fabринi watched entranced until he felt himself trembling. He slammed shut the door and stood inside panting.

On the seventh day the soldier's money ran out.

The *paesani* and their womenfolk began to sober up. Some of them staggered to the church and beat upon the door until the priest relented and opened it and asked them what they wanted.

"What are we to do, Father? This beast of a Bacco, he has made us commit mortal sin. And now, worse yet, he has run out of money."

"On the fourth day," Father Fabринi said, "when I saw the *podesta* and Rosa—" He stopped and closed his eyes. There was a long silence before he could continue. "On the fourth day I sent a messenger down the mountain in Rome. They will send military police to capture him."

"Praise to San Giuseppe!" a woman cried. "That beast of a Bacco should be killed!"

"The Americans will take care of him," Father Fabринi said. He looked across the piazza and saw Rosa asleep near the fountain, her fat thighs spread and exposed. He began to tremble again, and tried to shut the door.

"But what are we to do about the drought?" the villagers said, their anxiety returning. "How will we ever survive unless San Giuseppe brings us rain?"

"You are not worthy of a miracle," Father Fabринi said. "You have sinned and you will be punished." He slammed the door shut in their faces.

Spent and nervous, the *paesani* turned away. "That beast of a Bacco has damned us," they said. "And through no fault of our own, either."

"We should beat him," Gino said. "He has made us all candidates for hell."

"Where is he now?"

"Snoring it off in the back of Lupo's tavern," Sergio said.

"Let's go there," Gino said. "I need a drink badly."

They entered the tavern. "What do

you want?" Lupo said. "You have no money." He knew this because he had pocketed most of it, except for some the women had earned.

"We're going to beat the soldier," Gino said.

Lupo was thoughtful. The soldier was broke now, but he had brought prosperity to Lupo and Lupo felt a tinge of gratitude which made him hesitate to turn the soldier over to the *paesani*. "He showed you a good time," Lupo said.

"Yes," Sergio said. "He got us drunk and laid our women. He showed us a good time, all right."

"You enjoyed the festa," Lupo said.

"Maybe," Sergio said. "But it is over now."

Outside, Lupo heard motor vehicles climbing the grade to the village. None of the Italians around there had motor vehicles. "One moment," Lupo said. "I will bring Bacco to you."

"First," Gino said, "set out some wine for us. I'm dying from a hangover."

Lupo grabbed some glasses and jugs and set them on the bar. He hurried toward the back room.

The *paesani* drank thirstily while they waited.

Pretty soon, Sergio said, "Listen! I hear trucks coming up the road."

"Trucks? Whose trucks?"

Sergio went to the door and looked out. "The Americans. A jeep and a truck. Look!"

The vehicles entered the piazza and stopped.

Sergio said, "Polizia militare."

The *paesani* watched the M.P.'s jump out of the truck, armed with carbines and pistols.

An officer stood up in his jeep beside his driver and shouted in Italian. "I am Major Di Giorgio, American Army. There is a deserter hiding among you. We have come to take him. You

Continued on Page 58





"... now it's your turn to jump me..."

**PARIS
WITH ITS
PANTS
DOWN**



A young Frenchman, J-L Delpal (pictured here with two entertainers from the Crazy Horse Saloon) has just published an underground guide for French sex connoisseurs.

Guides to Paris-by-night all have one thing in common: they tell you only what you already know. Now, a young Frenchman named Jacques-Louis Delpal has come out with a ground-breaking book that seems to be the Last Word in Parisian entertainment directories.

Jacques-Louis spent ten years researching the bars, bistros, and discos of his home town. During this period, he claims to have downed more than 10,000 whiskeys and never hit the sack before 7 a.m.

Delpal's real contribution to tourist literature is that he gives the names and addresses of places and people that few sightseers ever hear about. For instance, he has full chapters on some of the livelier trans-sexual hotspots.



To kick off the publicity campaign for his book, Delpal held a big party at the famous Crazy Horse Saloon. ROGUE, of course, was there. During the course of the evening, the young Frenchman appeared on stage with two Crazy Horse headliners, Rosa Fumetto and Maria Tuxedo. He feels that this llesome duo best symbolizes the "lure, mystery, and ambiguity" of Paris by night.

The pictures on these pages were taken that night. We think that you'll agree that Jacques-Louis' claim is undeniable.





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Continued from Page 53
must give us any information you can.
He is a desperate criminal who killed
a finance officer and stole an Army
payroll."

Sergio drained a big glass of wine. "Poor Bacco," he said. "He brought us the only good time I can remember on this accursed mountain. And now this dog of an officer, an American paesan at that, wants to put him back in prison."

Gino gulped from a jug. "Never!" he said. "A slob like Bacco, a great slob who wrings sweet juices from the bitter grapes of life—he deserves a better fate!"

Lupo came back into the tavern.

"I gave him my old hunting rifle and told him to flee. I also gave him a bottle of cognac with which to fortify himself."

"Admirable," Gino said. "He will get drunk all over again and fight them off. Ah, *che brutto!* What a great slob! He will hold them off, that one!"

Lupo shook his head. "Not for long. I only had a handful of ammunition to give him. And one heavy grenade I found that time after the Germans had left."

"Let us watch," Sergio said. "Bring the jugs of wine outside and we will sit in the piazza and watch the polizia go after Bacco."

They staggered across the piazza and sat in front of the fountain.

The major stood up again, and now he shouted at them, "Damn you all! Where is Bacco?"

"Bacco? But right here, *maggiore*," Sergio said. Sergio pointed to the statue in the fountain.

The major's eyes followed the gesture. "By God!" he said. He looked at a photo he pulled from his pocket, then passed to his driver. "There's a hell of a resemblance at that!"

The *paesani* were now looking up toward the cloud-covered peaks.

"He might have climbed up there above the town," the mayor said. "If I know these guineas, that's where they think he went."

Sergio said, "I wish Bacco had not run out of money. I wish the *testa* had gone on forever. Then we would never have to worry about this accursed drought."

"The *polizia* are going up there after him," Gino said.

The major in his jeep led the driver in the truck up to the high end of the street, the M.P.s walking along behind, scanning the buildings on either side, their carbines ready to fire. They drove as far as they could, then the major

Continued on Page 76

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"It's my favorite expression," Rena told us when we asked where she got that saying. "Do it up brown!" "You know what that means?" she asked. "It means do it the best way you know how...all the way, to the hilt, no holding back! If you're going to do it, then...darn it, do it right. Do it up brown!"







So we did at least the research part. We checked the saying and got as far back as Franz Lehar in his operatta "The Merry Widow." In it, he wrote a song, the gist of which was: no matter how hard you try, you'll never understand a woman. You will, as the song goes, "get done brown" instead. Meaning, we assume, you'll get burned trying to fathom her.

"Is that right?" we asked Rena the next time we saw her.

"Have you ever really tried to comprehend a woman?" she asked us back.



"Yes," we replied

"And . . . ?" she asked further.

"And we got burned," we admitted. "We got done up brown!"

But we don't mind it when it's someone as lovely as Rena. How about you?



If there is one thing I pride myself on it's my ability to spot a fellow jogger. (We all have these fine legs and chests and rosy cheeks from running in the fresh air.) Take for example when I was back in Chicago last week. I spotted this young lady in a bar and knew right off she was a jogger. Bars are not the sort of places where we joggers usually hang out, but she had this great chest, and anyone with a chest like that has to be a jogger, even if they are sitting in a bar. I supposed she was there for the same reason I was—to pass a lonely evening away from home.

I was trying to get a look at her legs when she looked up and saw me. She noticed instantly that I was a jogger, too, apparently, and also that I was rather lonely. She smiled, came over and climbed up on the stool next to mine.

"Like a little company?" she asked.

"Sure would," I gave her a knowing wink. "Especially from a jogger."

"Jogger?" she asked. "That's a new one on me, Sweetie. And I thought I knew 'em all."

"Oh I spotted you for a jogger the minute I laid eyes on you," I went on.

"And you was really layin' 'em on, too?"

"I hope you didn't mind."

"Not at all," she said. "That's what it's all about, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," I said. "Nothing tunes up the old body like a good jog."

"Jog," she repeated. "That gets me. What part of the country you from anyway?"

"Idaho."

"That explains it," she said. "Around here we don't call it 'jogging'."

"Well, what's in a name?" I said. "A rose."

"Quote me no poems," she said.

"Well then, tell me about yourself. How much jogging do you do?"

"It varies. When there's a convention in town, of course, I do a helluva lot."

"Oh," I said, "a jogging convention."

"That's about the way I feel about them, too," she said. "But tell me, how much joggin' do **you** do?" She ran her foot up and down my leg, no doubt curious about the size of my gastrocnemius. (We joggers have very big gastrocnemuses.)

"You won't believe this," I told her, "but I jog an hour a day, seven days a week."

"I don't believe it," she said.

"Never miss a day," I said. "Haven't since I started."

"When did you start, anyhow? When you was four years old?"

"No," I laughed. "I've only been jogging about a year."

"A year!"

"Yes, I got started a little late, I suppose. But I didn't know a thing about it until I read an article in a magazine."

"You're puttin' me on," she said.

"No," I said. "Really, I'm not. But now that I've read

JOGGERS
THE
JOGGER

It's not a bad sport if
you can remember not
to run off to the
courts or courts in protest.

And, it would seem to me, it's a matter of
remembering to be engaged in the fight.

One could have all kinds of fun. And I think, "I don't
know if I can go back."

I know that was something in the past. But
I don't know.

And, I don't know if I can go back. But I don't know
if I can go back. And I don't know if I can go back.

I don't know if I can go back. But I don't know
if I can go back.

"I don't know if I can go back," said John. "I don't know
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"I don't know if I can go back," said John. "I don't know
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One Summer Day

Continued from Page 38

an intense fascination Solder began to dig in the sand a short distance up from the hand and he found the head... or what was left of it! Half of the skull was gone, torn off in some horrible way. Like from the point-blank blast of a shotgun!

And thus was truth born. Solder screamed and leaped to his feet and ran, ran with the new energy given him by KNOWING. Haggy would truly kill him. What was left of the hour? Where could Solder hide on this infested patch of waste? What could he do to save himself, he who had never considered doing anything so very basic? Run. He could only run.

Soon he reached the other side of the island and all he could do was return the way he had come. And there was Haggy.

Solder threw himself down into a clump of shrubbery, weaseled as near to the ground as he could, at first hearing and then seeing the big man advancing through the growth, the shotgun in his hands, a small, confident smile on his sweating, dark face. Solder shrieked within himself and Haggy came closer. The big man was whistling, happy, doing what he thought himself meant to do in this strange world. And Solder shook and dug his fingers into the ground and came very near to wetting himself. Then he heard himself cry out. "Please, Mr. Haggy, let me talk to you!" And Haggy halted and laughed aloud, shouting, "That's what the last one did. Screamed, gave himself away. Christ, you're all alike. All alike!" And he swung the shotgun in the direction of Solder's terrified voice and squeezed off one of the barrels.

The blast crashed over the head of Solder like a captured whirlwind and the noise of it was like thunder. Solder felt jagged, burning pricks of pain in his scalp and then warm blood oozed down over his forehead into his eyes. "Please," he shrieked again. "Don't kill me! Please, please!"

Haggy whooped gleefully and moved toward him with anxious, grinding steps. "Keep talking, yellow-belly!" he sang out. "Just keep talking!" Then he tripped, his foot catching in a vine, and he fell forward. The gun flew from his hands.

Solder was up in an instant and on the big man. He drove the knife twice into the back of Haggy and after the second thrust left it there, left it jutting from a broad muscle. He went for the gun then, grasping it, spinning about with it to see Haggy lurching to his knees grinning, grinning broadly. "Yeah," he said, as though nothing was stuck into his back, as though nothing

Continued on Page 72

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Dick. Continued from Page 27

vagina. He ought to first rest a while before giving in to the in-and-out motions which instinctively would follow. And it's no wonder you should rest if you follow the advice of another medic for excises to build up your muscular prowess. In your office seat or on your car seat while stopped in traffic or any other place where you happen to think of it, snap the muscles at the base of your penis several times. That's what you'd have to call friggig good advice!

At the bottom of almost every sex manual's feminism, is one unwitting law—unproven and unexplored, also—which is summed up in the thoughts of a British M.D. Most wives never have a chance to go through the full measure of satisfaction to which they are entitled by the physical aspects of married life. He tries to back up his misconception by citing various authorities who have estimated that some 70% of all wives don't get out of life all they are entitled to. Which might be true. And if it is, then 70% of men are also missing a lot in life too!

And another recurring little story stuck into sex manuals at inopportune moments is the necessity for control. Control, CONTROL, CONTROL! All the emphasis on doing what doesn't come naturally and not doing what does come naturally stands a better chance of gumming up a smooth sexual outlook than it has of taking a cool one and turning on the passion. It's bad enough our taxes and voting and television and hunting and driving is controlled all out of shape; our bedroom has to be controlled too?

It is certainly feasible to work hard at reaching a climax, just like a person works hard at enjoying a complex musical symphony. And like you have to grit your teeth to enjoy a party which begins on a very dull note.

Even where you lay your legs and torso during a little romp is supposed to be kept under control, too. See if you can work your way out of this tangle as suggested by an author of a book offering sexual harmony. After the woman's right leg is straightened out, the man must leave his own right leg between hers and put his left leg outside the woman's right, then roll over onto his left side and thus end up facing the woman.

Examples of sex manuals which have missed their own points are, sadly, very commonplace. Perhaps it comes from a real-life inferiority feeling which drives sex manual authors to assert such authoritarian and over-controlled love techniques that their words read like laws, the one condition guaranteed to stifle sexual satisfaction, and *just*. A guy has to follow close tolerances at a shop or office all day. Who wants to come

home at night to the same kind of work in bed?

A passionate and spontaneous romp may sound terribly chic, but poorly planned intercourse only rumples your clothes, ignores your plans for the evening, and raises havoc with your birth control method. Now isn't that just too bad?

After spending a while describing a somewhat athletic position for love-making, one author goes on to warn that it is indeed not recommended for people of grandparent age, no matter how healthy or athletic they might otherwise be. Why not? Because they might not be able to sustain the drive and exertion called for!

Even punching a clock is almost suggested by a couple of sex doctors. There are three separate and distinct platitudes to the properly performed sex act, and only one is intercourse itself. You must fit all three parts into the allotted time, prolonging none so much as to exclude any of the other two's proper share of time. Unless there is at least an hour free from distractions, men and women should never try to begin love-making.

Fifteen minutes must be allowed for foreplay even though a woman may be passionately aroused in only five. Sorry dear, but you'll just have to wait. We've only been at it 8-1-2 minutes and the book says 15! And when it is all over—what then? One book says the couple has to avoid all additional stimulation to the genitals.

At the peak of the control-propaganda is one classic climax of misworded offered by a \$6.00 manual with a 75¢ paperback partner reaching 2-million unhappy lovers. The M.D. advised that after tumbling on the sheets and accolades are in order, the woman should single out one very down-to-earth claim-to-fame for her mate instead of praising him for being a James-Bond-in-the-flesh. Example: You sure controlled yourself a long time tonight, dear; and not, wow, what a thrill you tossed my way tonight!

In their eagerness to keep hairy chests, rough and tumble aggressive love-making, out of modern-day bedrooms, sex doctors seem also to be trying to tie up lovers with the same kinds of restrictions and fears and phobias they themselves criticize on other pages. Read the glowing and bubbly introductions to the very same books which contributed the ridiculous advice earlier in this sad story.

A sexually proficient mate must learn very early that intercourse amounts to more than merely fitting together the male and female organs.

Everything which eventually leads to marital problems is a chain of one sort or another, some financial, some legal. By and large, however, the chains are personal ones put there by social

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TED: The corporate set-up in this country is such that a man who goes to work for a corporation after graduating college, it doesn't matter whether it's Dow Chemical or not, it doesn't matter whether it's defense work or not, the chances of his being drafted are very, very slim.

ROGUE: Then that applies to any corporation, right? No corporation as far as you're concerned should be recruiting on campus.

TED: Definitely, no corporation. The C.I.A. should not be allowed to recruit on campus. There should be no employment recruiting on campus.

DOW: In total honesty I don't think I have any philosophic disagreement with Ted on this point. I don't feel strongly that everybody should be allowed to recruit on campus. The fact is that college placement offices are there and naturally industry has, in this and many other subjects, learned to accommodate itself to the facts of life which are that, if you wish to attract qualified employees, the best place for industry to go is to the college campus. And since all industry goes to the college campus in an attempt to interest qualified students in careers, then Dow Chemical as a duly constituted member of industry, operating within the laws of that particular state or municipality in question should go there and will continue to go there. Virtually, every university of any size has a college placement office presumably operated to be a service to the graduates of that college or university.

TED: You define the college placement service as a service to the students?

DOW: As being originally intended.

TED: Wouldn't you agree that the students then should have the right to determine whether they want that service or not? Because most of these protests have been on the basis that they do not want this service.

ROGUE: Are 'they' a minority group of students or a majority?

TED: We don't know. Put it to a vote. It's simple enough to determine.

DOW: In some places it has been put to a vote and I've not heard in any of those places of the student body voting to discard the placement office. To the contrary, as a matter of fact, CCNY and NYU are particular examples where it's been put to a vote.

TED: Well, if there is a placement office, they should have the right to determine who shall use its services.

DOW: I don't think I'm really qualified to discuss that at length.

TED: If Dow Chemical would allow a student to present the other side of the coin to the student Dow is trying to recruit, but they don't. That is not allowed. Why are you not willing to debate? If you're so sure of the morality of what you're doing, why not debate with the students?

DOW: This is a completely different subject matter and quite off the track of what we're talking about.

TED: I don't think so.

ROGUE: Why won't Dow debate the student with a disident voice?

DOW: In the first place, we don't feel we have to. In the second place, we have consistently gone on campus to discuss this again and again, but we do not think that a willingness to debate or even a willingness to discuss is in any way related to the recruiting process.

TED: If Dow is really firm in its resolve and feels it's doing a service to its government, they should have no

hesitation about coming on campus and stating their position.

DOW: And I'm saying to you we have no hesitation.

TED: But you won't debate.

DOW: That's correct.

TED: As far as I'm concerned you lost your argument right there.

DOW: What am I doing here discussing this with you for the better part of two hours if we're not willing to discuss it? I've personally gone onto college campuses, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Boston University, NYU and many other places, and I've gone there to discuss it with student groups.

TED: With groups who were opposed to your being there?

DOW: Absolutely.

TED: Well, how does that differ from a debate? You mean you discuss and they don't talk.

DOW: No. We have discussions much the same as the discussion we're having with the exception that sitting where you're sitting are a couple of hundred students who want to ask the same questions and raise the same points you're currently raising. I don't think we're having a debate now because I don't think anybody is going to win or lose this discussion. No one is going to stand up at the end and say the judges have decided that you or I have won.

TED: I think Dow Chemical has an obligation to justify to the students and to the country their manufacture of napalm.

DOW: I don't think we have any obligation whatsoever.

TED: Neither does Krupp.

DOW: I'm sorry, as far as I'm concerned we've already had the discussion about Krupp and I disposed of it to my satisfaction.

TED: You disposed of it because the only crime that was laid against Krupp was his use of slave labor. But if Krupp had been manufacturing poison gas and was called to account before the Nuremberg Tribunals, I think we might have a much better parallel. Dow Chemical is manufacturing something I equate with poison gas.

DOW: If, if, if. That's an awful lot of ifs.

TED: My father fought in the American army in World War I and he was gassed in the Argonne forest. It affected his entire life. I remember as a child being wakened and hearing him screaming from nightmares. This pinpoints in a sense what we're talking about with napalm too. The effects of these things are not only the effects of the moment. Long after the Vietnam war is over we're going to have to ask ourselves what effect napalm had on children who may not have been directly affected by it, who may not have been burned but only seen someone burned... seen their parents burn.

ROGUE: I think, Ted, we can ask that same question of war itself, not only of napalm or a specific ingredient of the war.

TED: I would agree, and I'm not trying to suggest that my quarrel is only with Dow or with napalm. My quarrel is with our involvement in Vietnam and it is with Dow insofar as Dow cooperates with the government and produces a weapon which I feel is particularly horrendous.

ROGUE: Gentlemen, time, please, a commodity of which we have very little right now, is pressing. I would like to thank you both personally for your accepting ROGUE's invitation.

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One Summer Day

Continued from Page 68

faced him. "Yeah, lad. See? You see, lad."

"You bastard!" Soldar screamed, spinning, crying, holding the shotgun in his trembling hands.

"You got me, don't you, lad?" Haggit said calmly, so calmly. "I'm out of business now. You don't have to kill me. You don't really have to pull that trigger."

Soldar screamed it again, tasting his own blood sliding into his mouth. "You bastard!" And he pulled the trigger, emptying the second barrel of the shotgun point-blank into the chest of the big man.

After many moments Soldar went to where Haggit had been thrown by the blast. He looked down into his face and, incredibly, he was still alive. Haggit looked up at Soldar and he whispered, "Good? Was it good?" and then he died. There was a smile upon his face.

Soldar returned to the boat dirty and foul and streaked with his own blood. He waded through the surf, climbed on board. Lucille was still on the cabin roof, still naked, beautiful and gleaming from the sun. She sat up and watched him approach without displaying any extra emotion. "So you killed him," she said. Then she smiled and lay back again, stretching tautly under the pressure of the sun.

Cursing her, himself, the shattered corpse back on the island, he climbed atop the cabin and put his hands on her naked body. She wrapped herself lazily around him and he put himself into her, ferociously at first, but then with wonder and a rising tide of blinding sensation until all there was in the world on that particular afternoon was her, beneath him, digging at him, claiming him, pressing herself greedily against the grime and the blood of him, as though the grime and the blood made it more, made it better.

She laughed again, the sound of it taken by the wind coming in now off the sea. "Bury the slob and come back to me. The rest we'll play by ear. That's life, lad."

He nodded and began to climb back into the water. "Don't take too long," she called after him. "You don't want to be late for that little affair of yours, do you? That peace march?" And again the laughter, this time it was high pitched and wild and it reminded him of Haggit. He sighed deeply and continued on, returning to where the big man lay, where the big man would be buried.

Soldar did not go up to the city, to the peace march. He was busy with his new life.

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Only at San Bacco

Continued from Page 58

got out and gave a signal and they began to climb the trail up which the *paesani* knew Beckus had gone.

"Maybe he can hide in that big black cloud," Gino said.

"There are too many of them. He'll be killed for certain."

The *paesani* sat there, drinking and waiting. Once they heard a shot, then silence again. The sound brought Father Fabbrini to the door of his church. He looked up at the peaks, then at the *paesani*. His eyes fell.

"Murderer!" hissed Gino.

"Silence!" said another. "That is a priest you are cursing."

"He is going to murder the best friend we ever had," Gino said, wobbling as he sat. Suddenly he lost his balance and pitched into the still pool of the fountain. The others pulled him out. Gino spat. "The water is stagnant. Since the accursed drought shut off the fountain, the water is stagnant."

"Don't spit it out," Lupo said. "It isn't stagnant yet, Gino. Part of what you are tasting is urine."

Gino gagged.

Sergio held up his hand. "Hear that?" he said as a fusillade sounded.

The priest disappeared, closing the door softly.

The gunfire became more rapid. Now and then there would be a pause, then a single shot would boom out from the crags.

"That's my old gun," Lupo said. "He can't have much ammo left."

"That accursed cloud that never delivered the rain," Sergio said. "Now it can't even hide Bacco from these murderers. Tell me, what good is a cloud like that?"

"Ask the priest," Gino said.

There was a steady barrage now, then suddenly they heard the deeper whoom of a grenade exploding. The carbines stopped shooting.

"That's it," Lupo said.

Almost at once there was a crash of thunder. It began to rain.

"I hope San Bacco is still with us," one of them said. "Where did this drunken fool of a Sergio learn to drive a truck?"

"He fought for Il Duce," another said.

"But where did he learn to drive?" the other said again.

They waited for the Americans to bring down the body of Bacco. They gulped some more wine from the jugs. Sergio began to get impatient. He fiddled with the gear shift lever.

"Perhaps I should turn the truck around so it will be ready to receive the saint's body," he said.

Only one of Gino's eyes was open and he said nothing.

Sergio shoved at the shifting lever and released the hand brake.

"There is no key," Lupo said, looking at the ignition lock. "Ah! Put on the brake. We are rolling backwards."

Sergio reacted instantly. He tammed his foot down hard against the clutch pedal. "The brakes will not hold," he said.

Try the hand brake," Gino said, closing his other eye and starting to smile.

Keep both hands on the wheel and steer!" Lupo counseled. "We are moving fast. Look out! Look out! There's the fountain!" He was looking back over his shoulder while Sergio stared straight ahead at where they had been, his hands frozen at ten and two o'clock on the wheel.

Look out!" Lupo shouted and grabbed the wheel just in time to avoid the fountain.

The truck pivoted, started to career righted itself and made straight for the church. At the last second, Sergio came to life, jerked his hands, and the vehicle smashed into the ancient masonry pedestal on which stood the statue of San Giuseppe.

The statue of the saint toppled and shattered on the flagstones of the forecourt.

The *paesani* went spilling in all directions.

Only Lupo got up. Are any of you hurt?" he said. "Ah, *paesani*, are any of you hurt?"

Sergio groaned. Gino sprawled face down on the flagstones, still snoring.

Lupo left all alone. "Get up, *paesani*," he said. "Those of you who can, get up!"

There was only moaning and a faint stirring among them.

Lupo looked anxiously up the street. He could hear the Americans coming down the trail from the peaks. The rain had become a downpour and they were not yet in sight. Lupo tried one last time to rouse his companions.

Paesani, it is I, Lupo, the owner of the tavern," he said. "*Paesani*, arise and join me in drinking a salute to our new padrone, San Baccio."

Sergio rolled over and sat up. "Ah! San Baccio," he said. "From now on that will be the name of our village."

Paesani. Lupo said desperately, now hearing the shouts of the Americans as they discovered the truck was stolen.

Paesani, listen! Come! all of you who can get up and walk, the drinks are on me!"

To a man, the broken, bleeding *paesani* got up and followed him toward the tavern. Only Sergio looked back at the wreckage.

The priest was right about one thing, he said to Gino who was walking with both eyes closed. "There was no room here for both statues."

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THE NEW WAVE OF PORNO- GRAPHY IN SCANDINAVIA!

Article by John Hanau

Pornography, derived from the Greek word "harlot" and meaning "licentious writing" ... "licentious" meaning "immoral" ... and "immoral" meaning "morally wrong" or "evil"), is for many part of the world a word which is fast becoming archaic. In Scandinavia, for one, the word may soon have to be either revised or omitted from every dictionary because, as the old saying goes, "Anything goes!"

Publishers of pornography in Denmark and Sweden operate in a remarkably open manner and are allowed to print, distribute and sell their products on newsstands, providing the word "Porno" is printed in large letters on the cover of magazines or books. You might say that Scandinavian publishers are allowed to do their own thing ... and the public is allowed—if not encouraged—to buy it! By contrast, publishers in the United States have to use their imaginations (and often lawyers) to skillfully hide a semi-pornographic product behind a facade of so-called "art."

But to return to the atmosphere of freedom in Scandinavia, pornography is considered no more sinful than a

cook book, as I soon realized the moment I alighted at the Air Terminal in Copenhagen's town center. There I found a large book store which displayed in a window beautiful editions of Hans Christian Anderson's fairy tales in every conceivable language. Yet in the other window, I saw one of the biggest displays of pornography I had ever dreamed of, also printed in just as many languages as the Anderson books!

My first impression of the blatant co-existence between fairy stories for children and fairy stories for adults could not have been brought home to me in a more forceful way even if I had read hundreds of articles about the new Scandinavian attitude toward sex—seeing, in this case, was believing! I had to know the way's the what's, and the wherefore's.

One of the first people I questioned about this new sexual attitude was the top executive of a large printing house just outside of Copenhagen. His plant turns out an annual average of 50 million paperbacks, the vast majority of which can be labelled pornographic, and which are printed in editions of 10,000 copies at a time. This "pornographic factory," as I call it, has the most modern equipment in the world, and can turn out a book at lower prices than anyone else in Europe, with the exception of certain countries behind the Iron Curtain—where books of this type could not be printed anyhow!

And what of the people who work in this "pornic mill"? It struck me, as I walked among the printing and coloring departments, how nice-looking girls and boys were working side by side with much the same attitude you might find in a candy factory, for instance, where the workers are allowed to sample as much of the product as they like. After the first initial binge, the workers usually never take another piece of candy for the rest of their lives! (And the boys and girls I spoke to never even glanced at the product they were preparing for the newsstand.)

During interviews with young workers in this particular factory, their attitude about sex continued to amaze me. It all boils down to one thing. Young Scandinavians are just not interested in "pornography," they feel it is something that concerns the old; they don't understand it—nor do they want to. And, since they no longer fear love-making, or it's dreaded consequence, pregnancy, these young people "do" rather than "look."

Surprisingly, since the ban on pornography was lifted in Scandinavia, production has naturally risen considerably while sales, according to official statistics have dropped to a quarter of what they were before the lifting of the ban.

How is it possible for a printing concern like the one I have described here to expand in a contrasting market? The answer I was given is this: before the lifting of the ban, **porno** books could only be sold in specialized bookshops (under the counter, so to speak). Now, however, these same books are sold in every ordinary newspaper kiosk throughout the country, thus giving the printer a much wider distribution. Due to inclement weather most of the year, the kiosks are neatly enclosed little "huts" with ample window display space on all sides and an open counter for sales. Most of the windows are filled with porno books, which can even be sold to children under the new law.

The "facts of life," which cause so many headaches to parents throughout the rest of the world, apparently cause none to parents in Scandinavia. There, children are taught sex from the age of ten or eleven in every school (not in the old-fashioned method of the birds and the bees) and it is not uncommon to hear a young boy and girl discussing the penis and vulva in a completely normal way.

Scandinavians find new delights reading in bed.



People can browse in any of numerous bookstores.

What kind of pornography, then, is being produced in Scandinavia today? There are two types: the paperback and the picture book. Paperbacks are mainly reprints of the old titles published years ago in Paris by Olympia Press and Travellers Companion. They are now being reprinted in Denmark in Danish, English and German, but surprisingly few of them in French. (France has never been a good market for pornography, at least as far as the French are concerned!)

Among the classics are, of course, "Flossie," "The Lascivious Abbott," "The Story of O" and "Fanny Hill," many of which are no longer considered pornographic in the United States. Prices are not marked on the cover, but they are usually uniform, ranging from 10 Kroner in the more serious bookshops to 15 Kroner at the kiosks, especially at night! New titles in English and German are still scarce, but there seems to be a lot of new books written in Danish on the market. Although I don't know how the new Danish works compare with the older classics, because I can't read the language, if the covers are any example of the contents... wow! They are "stimulating" and of the highest typographic quality.

As for the picture books, there seems to be no pornographic magazines such as those found "under the counter" in the United States. The magazines which the Danes seem to prefer are almost puritanical and old-fashioned in comparison to those of other countries. Some of them do show nudes, even unretouched, but showing pubic hair in Scandinavia lost its erotic meaning long before anti-pornography bans were lifted four years ago. After all, co-educational bathing is nothing new to the Swedes!

The third type of illustrated book, however, is of an entirely different kind than American magazines. I would

call them 100 percent pornographic and, under the existing laws, they are still open to prosecution and are, from time to time, confiscated by the police. The owner of the bookshop then appears in Court and pays a fine. Prison sentences in connection with this type of an offence are unheard of.

None of the porno-picture-books have any text—it is unnecessary and would restrict their sale to peoples from other countries—nor do they bear the name of the publisher or printer. Most of them are printed in superlative color and carry the word "Porno" on the cover for reasons I have explained before. Titles such as "Flame," "Private," and "Sex Carnival" are much more expensive than the erotic paperback books, and back issues are already becoming collectors items at prices of 20 to 30 Kroner for a new issue, to 40 to 50 Kroner for an out-of-date issue.



Graphic descriptions accompany erotic photographs

It is difficult for one who has never seen one of these picture books to imagine just how far they can go. They not only show everything, but reveal in close up the genital combat between men and women, homosexuals and lesbians, threesomes and foursomes. Why then, you might ask, do the police object to any of these magazines—or rather, which do they object to?

To understand the logic of Scandinavian officials is not as simple as it first appears. The law says that nothing a man and woman, or two men or two women, do together is obscene. It is all part of a 'natural' way of making love between human beings, but they do not allow sadism, masochism, or flagellation to be shown, since Scandinavians do not consider these acts as either normal or healthy sex.

Naturally the reverse of what we are allowed to show in the United States and many other parts of the world, but who is to say that the Scandinavian doctrine of official thinking is wrong. Allow the natural, they say, and discourage the excesses and anti-social aspects of people's sex behavior, thereby increasing the natural and diminishing the unnatural forms of sex stimulation. And extremely adult viewpoint.

One has only to look at any number of new Scandinavian films to see this concept brought home in black and white. In one recent film every aspect of lovemaking is shown in detail, including a very exciting shadow play straight from the Kama Sutra, which presents man's sexual enjoyment of woman in a most convincing and entertaining debunking of the pornography myth.

As a last point of interest, I would like to mention the First Exhibition of Erotic Art, sponsored by Dr. Kronhausen, which has just concluded a very successful exhibit in Lund's Civic Art Gallery and has now re-opened in Arhus in Denmark, where it is attracting visitors by the thousands. An extremely clever collection of 1600 exhibits, ranging from Chinese and Japanese prints to modern French and American pastiches, this exhibit also has several 'objects erotiques' which certainly could have once been the pride of many a well know bordello.

The most surprising thing about this exhibit is, I found, the way that people look at it. Men, women and children of all ages wander from exhibit to exhibit with much the same expression on their faces as you might find on a visitor to the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The only time I heard a snigger or saw a leer was from a group of obvious tourists from some Central European and Anglo Saxon countries. It didn't take them long, however, to realize that everyone was looking at them, and they soon did their best to adapt to the atmosphere of normality concerning sex in all its manifold forms... which was, in the last analysis, the keynote and true meaning of the exhibition.

I mention this art exhibit for one specific reason and that is: if adults are treated like adults, they behave like adults. The sooner the Governments, churchmen and legislators of the world are made to realize this, the sooner the world may stand a chance of being released from its sexual witch hunt.

Scandinavia has gone a long way!

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchiness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

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keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

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Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

NOTE TO DOCTORS
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

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"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out. I'm D. M. Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My husband has used many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula. — Mrs. R. L. L. Pough, Ohio

"Comate is successful. It saves me a lot of money. I used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair. — C. E. R. Richmond, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker. I can tell it. — Miss C. T. San Diego, Tex.

"How my hair looks quite thick. — J. R. Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much. — Mrs. J. E. Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'hair' products. I tried Comate. I had no dandruff. I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker. — G. E. Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling. — M. W. Comate, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it. — W. W. Galveston, Tex.

"It really had improved my hair in one week, and I knew what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it. I had to write. — Mrs. J. J. McCann, Miss

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